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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Diluted Books

Among the many suggestions offered to the limping book trade is one that seems to us both ingenious and ingenuous. If more books are to be sold, it is said, to more people, the cloth of literary language must be cut to fit the popular mind. We must have simpler books, with a simpler vocabulary, more childish books since the mass mind is childish, easier books since intricate emotions and subtle intellectualizing confuse the population. As Tolstoy said, so it is repeated, that books should appeal to the peasant as well as to the intellectual, but it is not added, as he added, that this appeal should come from the universal quality and deep humanity of their content. The reformers propose, apparently, to write down our books to the lowest common denominator of reading intelligence.

And what would that accomplish that is not being accomplished now? The country is flooded with writing which exactly fits this description. Ten thousand magazines and Sunday supplements purvey it, thousands of authors make their living by it. No American can possibly lack fiction, poetry, biography, and history in which the "story" is nicely adapted to the most superficial intelligence.

What the objectors want is literature of the first quality simplified to popular taste. It cannot be done. Or rather it can be done only under circumstances rarely existing. Henry James simplified is no longer Henry James, and Shakespeare simplified is no longer Shakespeare. With a suitable theme and a powerful control of thought and vocabulary, a Defoe, a Swift, a Scott, a Mark Twain, a Kipling, can do it. Indeed it is harder to write real literature that is simple than literature that is complex, but this is not the question. You cannot order simplicity, or at least if you order it what you will get is usually insipidity. We may pray for Defoes, but we cannot create them. The attempt would lead to a widespread substitution of clever journalism for real books—which is precisely what we get in the magazine world today.

Books should be books, that is, the purchaser of a book should know that he is getting something which justifies a binding. If scientists will write a jargon, if historians will befuddle instead of illuminating, if novelists will be precious, or aim at their idea of visible truth instead of stirring the imagination of the reader, if poets will be incomprehensible, why all this is a charge against books as they are currently produced, but in no way affects the argument. Books should not be written down, they should be written up, and with all the simplicity and clarity their full-bodied theme permits, and no more. Any other course will inevitably lead to plunging the so-called trade-book industry into the never satisfied maw of the magazine which will swallow it up, and justifiably too. For if no more is to be asked and no more given in a book than is expected from a magazine, what possible justification for a better format and a higher price?

It is quite possible that neither author nor publisher is giving the public what it wants in books. But if the publisher underestimates the capacity for ideas, the sensitiveness to style, and the willingness to concentrate of his public, he is very likely to ruin what good authors he has, without a dog's chance of calling out a Tolstoyan genius who will write Hamlets

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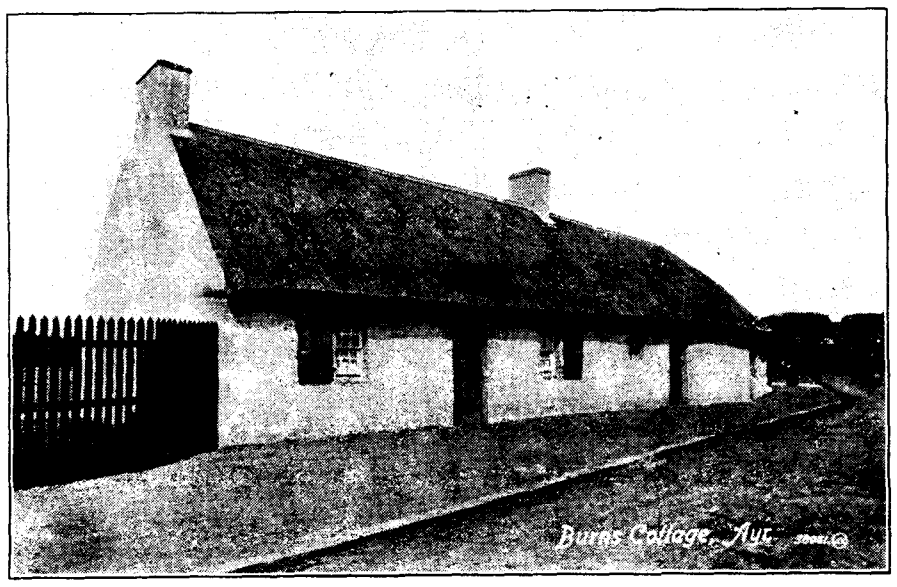

THE BIRTHPLACE OF ROBERT BURNS.

The Letters of Burns*

By O. W. FIRKINS

BURNS is by tradition a warm-hearted scapegrace, a real and living warmth, of which the good fellow, the poet, and the sinner were the threefold consequence and witness. At this easy, plausible, and attractive stopping-place tradition halts, but scholarship must push ahead. The scapegrace and the good fellow are actual enough. Burns abounded in likings, genialities, fellowships, esteems. He was a reverent son, a generous brother, a tender parent, a fond, if not a strictly faithful, consort, and a helpful friend. Even in his amours he was kind. The onset of a carnal impulse may have made him reckless and greedy, but its passage left him neither cynical nor cruel. He could believe, and he needed to believe, that his associate in folly was kind and good. In these dalliances, as in his loyalties and friendships, the object of his regard was undefined, shifting, and replaceable. He loved many women, because he loved and saw only one; Mary, Peggy, Anna, Jean, Elizabeth, were but the varied poses of a single figure. His real innamorata was the type, and to that type his fidelity was unimpeachable. Constancy applies to individuals. Burns saw no individuals. There is less sense of feminine character in his greatest love lyrics than in "Comin' through the Rye," or even in the matter-of-fact "Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

Burns dressed all his friends and acquaintances in apparel from his own wardrobe; three or four patterns and textures were enough. He liked what he saw, what he touched, because he refashioned it to suit his pleasure. No tradesman, no barrister, was ever more exempt than this peasant-singer from the deceiving spell of Camelot and Broceliande, of Thule and Valhalla. For him—and here is a trait of health and greatness—not distance, but nearness, was the enchanter. The first of charms in a woman was proximity. The mouse to whom he cried "The present only toucheth thee" might have turned his own words against himself. The love of the Here and the Now bound him to Scotch earth, Scotch drink, Scotch songs, Scotswomen. He clung to his own land. Never was man at the same time so much of a scapegrace and so little of an idler or a vagrant.

We come upon our first clew to the inner Burns in the discovery that the slave of impulse was a lover of rule. He loved to preach: he preached in verse; he preached finely. He wrote the best, warmest, freest, didactic verse in Scotch or English, verse that not only simulates, but possesses, the gusto and cordiality of lyric. "If I had not been Alexander, I would have been Diogenes." "If I had not been Lovelace, I would have been Sir Charles Grandison." Theories that logic can never weld may be the offspring of moods which psychology can easily reconcile. For the Burns type of man the mood which voices precept and the mood which overleaps it are both excitements, and each is nearer to the other than to the hodden-gray, phlegmatic mood in which precept is obeyed. It is evident that feelings detachable from the constitution, the habits, from the man, in short, had verve and crispness enough to produce verse of first-rate quality. Like Falstaff, in the famous Eastcheap personation scene Burns could have acted the parts of the judicious, gray-haired counselor and of the bold, young rioter with equal competence and gusto.

Burns, with all his sagacities, was incapable of self-control; in like manner, with all his excitabilities, he was incapable of a great passion. A great passion is one which deeply engages the whole man. It was a case of definite and indefinite article; *a* woman was indispensable, but *the* woman did not exist. The Clarinda matter, so far from enfeebling, strongly reënforces this contention. In Mrs. Agnes M'Lehose our poet, a romantic actor, a Fechter or Delaunay, found at last an actress capable of serving him in the double role of audience and *vis-à-vis;* his delight was naturally boundless. The disenchanting truth must be uttered; Burns was a half-mime. Not a whole mime, certainly not a cool and conscious hypocrite. On the contrary, Burns felt buoyantly, felt always, felt much. But in all his emotion there was something loose, shifting, facile, light, inconsequent; it was, in Stevensonian phrase, a "Flying Scud." In Burns one feeling might have four shapes. He could always feel something;

(Continued on next page)

* The Letters of Robert Burns. Edited from the original manuscripts by J. De Lancey Ferguson. Oxford University Press: 1931. 2 vols. $10.

The Greatest Illusion

THE UNSEEN ASSASSINS. By NORMAN ANGELL. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by FRANK H. SIMONDS

IT is now more than a quarter of a century since Norman Angell stirred a world to controversy by his "Great Illusion." Now he returns to the old charge in a new book with much of the ancient argument. "The Great Illusion," as he insists with justice and a little acerbity, was not a treatise to prove war was impossible, but unprofitable, not to demonstrate that the great conflict, which was at the moment already discoverable at the horizon could not arrive, but that victory in any but the military sense was unthinkable. And today, when victorious Britain has been compelled to abandon the gold standard and defeated Germany has repudiated the reparations price of defeat, the prophet may fairly claim credit for his forecast.

In his new volume Angell strikes directly at the fact, which is after all the heart of the contemporary problem of peace, that nationalism which is equally discoverable in all countries. He easily and definitively brushes aside all the once familiar thesis that wars are the product of wicked statesmen, ambitious princes, or "guilty peoples." Wars in our own time, that "next war" of which men and women are beginning to talk, are explicable not by reason of any desire in any country to "create social or economic evils, to impose injustice and bring about war," rather "because all peoples apply policies in which those results are inherent because they fail to see the implications of these policies." And these implications are for him the perils of today, to which he applies the name echoed in the title of his book of "the Unseen Assassins."

Everyone who has thought at all of the present international anarchy has been brought face to face sooner or later with the basic paradox that all peoples with equal sincerity desire peace and by contrast that the national purposes and policies of each individual people constitutes an almost immutable barrier to interna-

This Week

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By AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL.

"MEMOIRS OF A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.

"THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCES."
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"CHARLESTON, HISTORIC AND ROMANTIC."
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"BRAVE NEW WORLD."
Reviewed by EDWARD CUSHING.

"THESE RESTLESS HEADS."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

"APOCALYPSE."
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"MODERN PAINTING."
Reviewed by WILLIAM M. IVINS, JR.

HUMAN BEING.
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Next Week, or Later

"THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD AFFAIRS."
Reviewed by SIR NORMAN ANGELL.

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tional amity or tranquillity. Democracy itself has so far failed to discover any technique for adjusting the rights of the several peoples. The average man and woman, John and Jane Smith to Mr. Angell, faced in election periods with the vast and complicated mass of issues, interests—and in America at least—candidates, find themselves helpless.

Vaguely, perhaps with increasing apprehension, these Smiths proclaim the approach of a new war. But what can they do about it? The cause, says Mr. Angell, is the existence of nations, the division of Europe into a vast system or chaos of sovereignties. This situation was not created by the diplomatist or the banker, old fashioned diplomacy and new fangled finance are equally innocent. Centuries ago Europe began an evolution on dynastic and ethnic lines, which logically and inescapably has brought it to the present pitch.

All our present problems arise from the existence of nations and the inability of peoples to discover the eventual implications of policies which they adopt unthinkingly. In 1919 the victorious allies demanded that Germany should pay impossible reparations sums, but at the same time they took care by tariff legislation to make it impossible for Germany by increasing her exports to obtain the wherewithal to pay anything. We in America adopted the same course with our debtor associates and today behind a Chinese wall of tariffs we proclaim the sacredness of the debt settlements.

With shrewd irony the author analyzes the evolution of the passions, which are the unfailing accompaniment of modern nationalism, the hate and fear of the foreigner, the unconscious acceptance of the conception of countries as individuals and the extension to all individual citizens of such countries of the sins of this symbolical individual. Thus in the era of the World War we hated all Germans because we had accepted a collective idea of the Teutonic race as immemorially
to atrocities.
Mr. Angell the "supreme assassin"
conception of the sovereign state.
bove the law, it is, itself, the sole
of all of its rights. Thus, even if a nation makes a war for a "right" cause, it will inevitably make a treaty of peace based upon its own conception of its own rights, which will follow the example of Versailles. But then a new war is inevitable to right this latest wrong. But will the new settlement be better, based inevitably on the same conception of national rights to security, to unity, etc.?

If however, one accept Mr. Angell's major thesis that peace, and what we perhaps a little too confidently call civilization, are become irreconcilable with the contemporary spirit of nationalism, what hope does he hold out for the bringing of his "unseen assassins" to justice? How are the John and Jane Smith, who are the earnest advocates and the eventual victims of this nationalism, to be educated or converted to the renunciation of the policies whose unseen implications lead to inevitable disaster? That is the question of our age. Here, after all, Angell's book suffers from the fact that it is essentially dated. He cites the signature of the Optional Clause, the improvement of the Anglo-American relations, the Hoover Moratorium as hopeful signs, and on the basis of these he detects the awakening of a new spirit.

Yet sitting here in a Paris hotel writing this review, with the local press, the public mind, the whole thought of all of the Jean and Jeanne Smiths of France filled with the dominating distrust and fear of a Germany resolved to repudiate reparations and regain military equality, reading in all the public prints extracts from German newspapers reporting faithfully similar phenomena beyond the Rhine, where French purpose to extract tribute and deny equality to the German race provoke similar emotions, it is hard to share our author's conviction. Nor do recent debates in the American Congress support his theory. And even Mr. Angell finds himself, in advance of the Manchurian episode, shaken with grave doubts about the ultimate adequacy of the Kellogg Pact.

In reality, too, the John and Jane Smiths are not thinking so much of their own national policies as what they almost unanimously conceive to be the effect upon themselves of the similar policies of other countries. They shrink from the very thought of a new war, but they are resolved to escape payment for the last. The "wicked" German, the "dishonest" European, the "militaristic" Frenchman fill their thoughts, while for all Europeans Uncle Shylock comes and goes, now a kindly but scheming lender, and again a pitiless and senseless creditor.

It is easy to accept what is Mr. Angell's major thesis that nationalism and peace are irreconcilable, what is more difficult is to discover in his statement of the case in chapters which are diffuse and in reasoning which at least at times is involved precisely that challenge to the minds of John and Jane Smith, which alone might shock them into attentive listening. On the contrary, I have the haunting fear that for them the "assassins" would still remain "unseen."

Perhaps it was too much to hope that the man who proved in advance that war would be unprofitable should also demonstrate that patriotism abolishes peace. Nevertheless if the later volume falls short of Mr. Angell's earlier and justly famous book, it does constitute a contribution to the most important of all contemporary discussions, which no one can wisely ignore.

Frank H. Simonds, whose "Can Europe Keep the Peace?" has been one of the most highly lauded books of recent months, has had a long journalistic experience, having been at various times a correspondent of the New York Tribune, *the New York* Evening Post, *and the New York* Sun. *He is foreign editor of the* Review of Reviews *and is at present in France whence he is sending in correspondence to the* Evening Post.

The Letters of Burns

(Continued from preceding page)

after that, he could *imagine* feelings; he could *induce* feelings; lastly, at need, he could *feign* feelings. To the last two phases he pleads guilty, almost proudly (II, 265, 177). We touch here the crucial point in Burns. The difficulty in his character for us, the barrier to sympathy, the perturbing and estranging thing, is not the profligacy, indefensible as that was, but this uncertainty, this half-breakdown, in that genuineness to which all the strong indications, the Scottish rural origin, his outwelling and upspringing spontaneity, his warm, marrowy, masculine vices, and the entire literary tradition, so strongly and imperiously point.

The heads of the evidence for my conclusion must be briefly indicated; detail, in a review like this, is out of the question. There is, first, the M'Lehose episode, which Mr. Ferguson himself, a man averse to strong language, describes as an "ironic comedy"; the very appellations, Sylvander and Clarinda, are indictments. There is the excess of costume and gesticulation in the letters everywhere. There are levities, grimaces, in serious contexts, grotesquely emergent, like an ape riding on an elephant. There is the contradiction between things said and other things said or done almost or quite at the same time, —disquieting sequels, damning simultaneities.

There are affirmations of the impossible, things that Burns could not have meant, or thought he meant, or hoped that anybody else could think he meant. He says, for instance, in the "Lament," that his memory of Glencairn will outlast a mother's memory of her child. In this very stanza the accent of sincerity could hardly go farther: insincerity itself has rarely gone so far. It was the fortune of the poet and the fortune of English literature that his best verse almost lends color to the fancy that sincerity became for the first time articulate in Burns. But even in verse he spoke other tongues, and it is doubtful if he always recognized the difference. His sincerest poem, "Ae Fond Kiss," which contains lines almost too earnest for Shelley, contains other lines which Sir Charles Sedley (whom Burns knew, II, 260) might have begotten and would have fathered. Burns's heart has been broken, and by what? A "partial fancy." Partial fancies break hearts only when hearts are eggshells.

The evil affects Burns's literature less than his character; and it affects our sense of his character more than it affects the character itself. A vice like sensuality corrupts more than it disfigures; a failing like half-sincerity disfigures more than it corrupts. Some virtues and vices, like generosity and wrath, like warmth and sensuality, set off each other; others are esthetically out of keeping. This is true of the combination now revealed to us in Burns. We pardon license to nature, *i. e.*, to sincerity, but this very act of grace puts us into a mood which makes the subsequent pardon of insincerity as difficult as to forgive a spendthrift for parsimony. As an object for the mental eye, Burns comes off finally much worse than Fielding, who, like Burns, loved riot and virtue, the latter in its most august respectability. Among British writers Burns is closest to Byron. They show the same facile and changeful excitability, the roving sensuality, the incapacity for great passion, the sameness in diversity of the loved object, the self-concentration, the obedience to impulse, the gift for satire, the ribaldry, the liberalism, the early death at precisely the same age. The analogy, going still farther, becomes associated with a difference. Byron's half-sincerity, apparent in his lyrics, took on the aspect of complete sincerity in his letters. Burns's half-sincerity, apparent in his letters, takes on the convincing aspect of entire sincerity in his best lyrics. Byron's verse has lost much of its vogue, but his figure, if always rather theatrical, is today perhaps more solidly, more grippingly, theatrical, than ever. Burns's verse has lost nothing in critical or popular esteem; but, whereas criticism once saw in it the flooding of literature by humanity, literature is seen to gain upon humanity in the later and the closer view. Yesterday we saw loam drop from his pen; tomorrow we may be looking for ink-stains on his plow.

Burns's letters, edited for the first time from the original manuscripts, cover fifteen years, number 710, and fill 712 large pages; fifty are new. There is an unassuming preface, a glossary, a dictionary of correspondents (sometimes interesting), and there are laconic, but vigilant, textual notes. Tests of accuracy are out of reach, but Mr. Ferguson's work has the physiognomy of exactness, and, though physiognomy even in scholarship is sometimes make-up, Mr. Ferguson impresses me as thorough and circumspect. Except in the preface and dictionary, comment, biographical or critical, is withheld. Mr. Ferguson, indeed, beside the ordinary, chirruping, confabulating editor, gives almost the effect of taciturnity.

In the whole collection there is hardly a *good* letter, a letter expressing sterling thought in sincere and vigorous language. One asks if the book contains a letter which Byron or Macaulay would have signed without demur. Good thoughts—in noticeable moderation—are discoverable; they are mostly of the "Essays on Man" or "Night Thoughts" variety; they wane toward middle life, just when, in a born thinker, they would expand and multiply. Felicities in expression, more particularly in imagery, are not rare. Burns is always proving his ability; neither yawns nor groans nor titters curb his zeal. His ideal in correspondence was the suavely majestic eighteenth-century style, but he never mastered the idiom; he practised it as a schoolgirl practises music; address he sometimes reached, assurance never. He wrote all important letters twice, and his second drafts, even when rich in matter, are not tidy. He is never sure of his key. A good letter-writer gives us a theme (in the musical sense) with variations; in Burns we have the variations without the theme. He can be clownish and modish in the same sentence. "A charming Fillette who lived next door to the school overset my Trigonomertry." A poet may misspell "trigonometry," if he likes; but he should call a pretty girl a pretty girl; the reason why he may not call her a "fillette" is that an ostler might, and would. Burns essays on various styles, but the moods he most cultivates are courtliness and rant.

O. W. Firkins, professor of comparative literature in the University of Minnesota, was from 1915-18 *reviewer of poetry for the* Nation.

Conquest of Children

By AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL

THESE babes of ours are learned at their birth,
We must confuse them in their starry state
Of wisdom. We must prove of meagre worth
Their mold of thought, its innocence innate,
Take issue with that pure academy
Whose doctors in their radiant renown,
Calling to witness all infinity,
Bestow on earnest angels cap and gown
And scrolls of Latin. . . . So we shall disrupt
All learning that was never of this sphere,
And when the new moon of each face is cupped
Between sententious hands, make tune of: "Dear,
You cannot know—you are so very young . . ."
Then give the crystal goblet of the mind
Dull truth to hold, and muffle on the tongue
The far, strange songs. . . . So shall the new one find
Expedient hate and proper forms of fear.

What though some precept too unearthly pure
Persist? What though some tactless bird should bring
To one who late has flown the old allure
Of Heaven—some nostalgia of the wing?
This sweet distemper we can curb and cure—
The conquest of a child is no great thing.

A d'Artagnan of Today

MEMOIRS OF A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE. By GENERAL RAFAEL DE NOGALES. New York: Harrison Smith. 1932. $4.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

YOU may, with the always gallant Mr. R. B. Cunninghame-Graham, regard General Nogales as "a d'Artagnan of the twentieth century," to whom, "for five and twenty years the world has been his oyster that he has opened with his sword"; or, with the less romantic, view this astonishing little Venezuelan as an anti-social anachronism, who has contrived to live, in a world of machinery, peace societies, and fairly widespread attempts to subordinate the individual to law, the life of a more or less medieval fighting nomad.

To both labels—which represent a difference in point of view rather than in the thing itself—this broad-chested, bow-legged, little son of the Andes, with the close-set eyes that sharpen as he faces the camera's lens like those of some wood-animal ready to spring, either at you or away, "Nevada Mendez," as he was known during the Tonopah gold-rush, "Nogales Bey," as he was known when commanding, during the war, some twelve thousand Turks, would doubtless (and this is part of his charm) remain serenely indifferent.

He was born for fighting and adventure, has had enough of both for fifty ordinary men, and will, one surmises, go right on having them, as naturally and inevitably as a bird flies or a fish swims. He knows how to write, moreover, and while a certain twanging of the long-bow is inseparable from his nature—could the

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spotted leopard, let us say, be expected to narrate his exploits like a bookkeeper balancing his accounts?—one gets a general impression of candor, essential truth, and a likable clearheadedness and common sense. The net result, in any case, is calculated to make any reasonably less office-slave, who is rash enough to read the book, run round in circles and bark like a dog!

Nogales was more or less born in the saddle and learned at a very early age to ride, shoot, and take care of himself. He was educated in Europe, nevertheless, became proficient in several languages, and acquainted with the conventional life of various capitals. He got his first military training in Cuba under the hard-boiled Spanish General Weyler. Returning to Caracas, in 1901, he promptly got into trouble with the then dictator, Cipriano Castro, and escaped to Santo Domingo by the skin of his teeth. He was twenty, then.

Ever since, he has been in voluntary exile from Venezuela, fighting under all sorts of flags (including his own, when he led an insurrection against Castro's successor, President Gomez), and finally, after cowpunching and cattle "rustling" along the American-Mexican border, slipping into Port Arthur during the Russo-Japanese war as a spy for the Japanese, gold-hunting in Alaska and Nevada, taking part in all sorts of Caribbean revolutions, he did four years' solid service during the World War as an officer in the Turkish army, as a result of which he was decorated with the German Iron Cross and made a Knight Commander of the Order of Mejedieh. Merely to set down this record, gives no notion whatever of the things that have happened to Nogales all along the line. The mere job of getting the manuscript of this book out of Venezuela and safely over to Panama, what with smugglers, sharks, shipwreck, and whatnot, was a romance in itself.

If the dashing Venezuelan seems almost as innocent of intellectual preoccupations or any considered political philosophy as one of his own horses, he is sensitive to natural beauty and to human drama, both with the feeling of an artist. Especially interesting (as are the Turkish impressions, more fully treated in his earlier book, "Four Years Beneath the Crescent") are his descriptions of animals, fish, snakes, and life in general in the Venezuelan jungle and on its vast interior plains. And in his story of his unsuccessful attempt to overthrow the Gomez régime, he gives, unconsciously, perhaps, a really enlightening picture, from the inside, of just how these "revolutions" sometimes work.

You start, let us say, at some remote frontier village, separated from the capital by weeks of laborious travel, and rush it in the night. The poor devil of a government sentry is killed at the first shot. The rest of the tiny garrison, either drunk or asleep, is quickly got under control, the barracks broken into, arms seized. To be in politics at all, and not to be a member of the Government, is, as Nogales admits, the very devil. Who can say that the "government" of tomorrow isn't threatening you, here and now? Faced with this disturbing possibility, the able-bodied villagers find it expedient to throw in their lot with the *insurrectos*. Your force, thus strengthened, gallops through the night to the next and larger settlement, which, with luck, is taken in the same way. With possibly several such raids, starting from different ends of a vast and more or less trackless country, all to the tune of "*Viva la revolución!*", things can be made very embarrassing for the dictator in the capital, who may even find it desirable to depart suddenly for foreign parts.

This kind of thing sounds very operatic and improbable to the house-broken tourist, chatting, in quiet times, with some representative of the *gente decente*, in the latter's mellow old home in the capital, about European politics and the latest books. It is only when one has actually run into something of the sort, or finds a charming adventurer, like General Nogales, that one wakes up to some of the embarrassing realities of Caribbean life.

The Actual and the Possible

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCES. Vols. I-V. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Reviewed by HAROLD J. LASKI

IT was a wholly admirable idea to bring together, within the confines of a single work, a picture of the existing state of theory and practice in the social sciences. The progress in knowledge is so rapid, the developments in doctrine so diverse, that the student tends to be bewildered by the very multiplicity of sources at his disposal increasingly, moreover, he tends to be a specialist; with the result, as Professor Whitehead has so often insisted, that he fails to see the wood for the trees. A *vue d'ensemble*, a general estimate of where we stand today, might easily be a work of seminal importance.

Professor Seligman and Dr. Alvin Johnson, who edit the new effort, have so far reached only a stage upon the journey; it is therefore too early to pronounce any confident judgment upon the result. We can see the kind of thing that is going to emerge; we cannot yet fully discuss its adequacy. We can say with confidence that much that they have brought together is already of high value, even if much is, perhaps inevitably, commonplace in character. The volumes are of unquestionable value to anyone who possesses them. Do they exactly fulfil the need most urgent in their subject matter?

Let us first realize what cannot be found in the volumes. There is no single or general point of view dominating the whole conception. Written by innumerable authors, it reflects, naturally enough, their very various attitudes. It has therefore no coherency or systematization of outlook. No school of thought dominates its approach to any one of the fundamental problems in the social sciences. Nor, again, is any of the sciences treated as a whole. An elaborate system of cross-references enables one to discover the different places in which treatment of some large theme may be found. But since each of the parts which thus collectively form a whole may be discussed by a different author, there is no guarantee that a unified treatment of the total theme will occur. Nor, thirdly, is there any effort to discuss the principles of any subject in such a fashion as to indicate our present state of knowledge about them. There is often great suggestiveness — the articles on Christianity and Anthropology are notable examples of this—but it is the discreteness of the treatment which emerges as its main characteristic.

This is inherent in the editors' conception of their task. What they have sought to do is to provide a brief discussion, in alphabetical order, of every concept, person, or institution which may be regarded as at all reasonably relevant to the social sciences. There is no attempt at an Encyclopedia in Diderot's sense; unity of treatment, that is to say, being provided by a broad identity of outlook in which all the writers shared. There is no attempt, either, at taking certain great ranges of social science, and allowing the mind of some eminent thinker to play broadly over their contours. The effort is rather to provide some discussion of everything, rather than a full discussion of the seminal matters in which the social sciences have an interest.

No one, I think, is entitled to criticize this work for what it is not. He may share my own preference for a series of ample essays on principles, accompanied by a less full, but still adequate, discussion of essential concepts and institutions. He may have wished, as I do, that these had been largely written, in each branch of knowledge, by one man, or one school of thought, so that a unity of outlook would have emerged. The purpose of the editors has been different. Granted what it is, no one can, I think, deny to their effort a very considerable measure of success.

It may be worth while, in the first place, to note some of the defects in their achievement. I cannot help regretting the vast number of biographies. None of them is long enough to do justice to its subject. The treatment of English and American figures is in every case inferior to what can be easily found in the obvious biographical dictionaries; one cannot seriously survey the career and philosophy of a man like Burke, to take one instance, in one thousand words. Nor are the bibliographies which accompany these notices always what they should be. That on Bodin does not mention the work of Chauveré, the best so far written; that on Burke omits Samuel's essential discussion of his early life; that on Bentham omits Dr. Philipson's admirable essay on his activities as a reformer of the criminal law. The fact is that the space at the editors' disposal was insufficient to enable them to attempt a biographical treatment that was really worth while. Judging the problem by the articles themselves, it would have been better, I think, to have saved the space this experiment has cost for expanding other aspects of the work.

The second defect, it is important to notice, is the effort to discuss certain "actualities" upon their own basis instead of in relation to some general theme. A number of industrial articles, like that, for instance, on cement, are far too general for the specialist, and of little value to the economist in search of illustrative material for his theme. I do not myself see exactly what these are intended to illustrate, and they occupy valuable space which can be ill spared from more vital matters. It is difficult, indeed, to see how exactly they are relevant to the purpose of the Encyclopedia since they are not in any way related to its more theoretical treatment of different subjects.

A third weakness is a certain narrowness of treatment in a number of articles. That on bye-elections, for instance, practically confines itself to the subject in Great Britain, on the curious ground that bye-elections are there more important than in other countries. That on communism is not only lacking in general clarity, but is so concerned with its history before the Reformation that Babeuf and Blanqui get one line each, and Marx is treated as an annex to the problem of the degree to which communism existed in the early village community. The article, otherwise very interesting, on constitutionalism dates the rise of the idea from 1776, thus omitting the great French legist tradition of which, perhaps, Loyseau was the greatest representative, and the struggle of Coke and the common lawyers against Charles I. That on Bills of Rights contains no considered estimate of the part they have played in modern political history.

Nor is it easy to understand the proportionate treatment allotted to various subjects. Virtually the same space is allotted to the automobile as to aristocracy; aviation occupies as many pages as every aspect of banking. Drug addiction and democracy are equally assessed, and the electrical industry is rated as being three times as important as either. Empire and Employers' Associations (perhaps a variant of the same theme) stand upon the same spatial footing, as do the army (a poor article) and aristocracy (a brilliant one). These are but random samples; but they may serve to illustrate the difficulty of knowing what exactly has been the basis of editorial decision.

One last complaint I would wish to make in the faint hope that it may influence in some small degree the substance of later volumes. There are a number of articles in the Encyclopedia, mostly of a sociological character, which seem, to one reader at least, to be vain and empty words. Mostly, they are concerned with words ending with *-ation*, for which, as I gather, sociologists have a special fondness; but they all concern general concepts. As good an example as any is the article on *Accommodation*, which seems to me mere verbalism, without effective content of any kind. Readers of sociological literature will know that it has invented for itself a private terminology by which, in too many instances, words can be substituted for ideas. I think that it is a pity to give the authors of this habit a free run in a work of this magnitude.

Such criticisms apart, the work is a distinguished one. It opens with a series of essays on the history of social thought since Græco-Roman times, some of which are brilliant indeed. The essays on teaching of the social sciences which follow are of fascinating interest. When we come to the Encyclopedia proper, there is something on every side to praise. The articles on Anthropology (by Franz Boas), Aristocracy (by the late L. T. Hobhouse), Capitalism (by W. Sombart) are brilliant pieces of description, while of those upon a number of the articles on the Balance of Power (by Professor Viner), Bicameralism (by Professor Shephard), Social Conventions (by Professor Ginsberg), and Congress and Government (by Professor Rogers) are, in their way, little masterpieces. I have only am selecting at random; those which I have noted down could be multiplied several eight times. It is interesting to note that, in general, the most effective articles are written by men who have not confined themselves, in their studies, to a narrow specialist range, but have sought to illumine a wide field of inquiry. It is, I think, interesting also that, for the most part, the more valuable discussion is contributed by men who are steeped in the history of their subject and see its contemporary significance from that angle. The range of thinkers from whom the contributors have been drawn is adequately wide; and if the illustrative material is somewhat overwhelmingly American, to a European reader that makes it of even more than ordinary interest. Now and again, perhaps, as in the article on Political Conventions, its confinement to America deprives the author of the opportunity to make valuable comparisons; but probably it is limitations of space which account for the narrowness.

On the whole, therefore, those who inaugurated this great enterprise seem to me to deserve warm congratulation. They have tackled a supremely difficult task with boldness and considerable insight. They display no bias that I can discover. Communists and Conservatives alike figure among their contributors. They know no national boundaries. The editorial work has, almost everywhere, been a model of skill in difficulty. No one interested in the social sciences can fail, if I may trust my own experience, to rise from any volume without finding some theme upon which the demand for discussion is insistent. At times, the treat-

A LAND, WHICH LIKE GENERAL NOGALES'S HAS BRED SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.
From "Mexicana," by René d'Harnoncourt (Knopf)

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ment will make him very angry. Judgments expressed will seem unintelligible to him, or he may feel that the article ends just at the time when it begins to develop its theme. I have found only one article to which the word "precious" might fairly be applied; and only two of any size which seemed to me to forget that this is an Encyclopedia of the *Social Sciences*. As I have said, I found the biographies throughout insufficient, and their bibliographies not seldom defective; but as they are largely of use only for reference purposes, they need not be read. Yet I cannot help emitting a groan of anger at the editor who asked Graham Wallas to write a thousand words on Bentham and yet allowed to aviation page upon page, and at him who gave Professor Hazeltine two pages (admirable they are) on the Commentators and yet did not repent him of the four full pages on cement. He will have to answer heavily for that upon the day of judgment.

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The Encyclopedia will, no doubt, proceed leisurely upon its ample way, and, when complete, it will be an indispensable work of reference. I hope that its completion will not be taken as fulfilling the need of the social sciences for an encyclopedia of a different kind. The enormous multiplication of materials, the intense degree of specialism in all the social sciences, particularly in America and Germany, make a work of synthesis almost as urgent as a work of reference. Would it not be possible for the American Council of Learned Societies to undertake this important task?

Let me try to explain what I have in mind. A student of the present work cannot gather any particular point of view from its pages. He has no way of measuring either the comparative importance
doctrines, or the point of common
eement between students which has
n reached. He knows that Professor
tt Smith would go to the stake
st most of the doctrines of Professor
owski. He realizes that Mr. Keynes
ot see eye to eye with Professor
. He is aware that international
Dr. Lauterpacht has a different
han when it speaks through the
rofessor Pearce Higgins. Dean
ociological jurisprudence is
he same universe of discourse
al dialectic of Professor J. H.
treatise on the state from the
rofessor Dealey reads differently
ate principle from one to which
r MacIver puts his hand.

⁂ ⁂

uch work is being done nowadays
inutiæ that we seem to be in danlosing sight of the essential ques- that have to be asked—and answer- Students increasingly enfold themes in these minutiæ. They are experts on methods of voting, or the doctrine *renvoi*, on capital accumluation or the effect of organized marketing upon rural habits. Generalization is at a discount; and, the omnipresent and (usually) evil text-book apart, we rarely stand apart from our material to inquire into its universal meaning. We discuss methodology, we multiply questionnaires, we make digests and bibliographies in abundance. I do not doubt the value of all this effort; much of it, as Maitland said, may save the great man's eyes and time when he eventually comes.

But, just now, an encyclopedia which would take each of the social sciences and seek to lay down the generalizations it is entitled to make would, I venture to think, be a really valuable work. It would not concern itself with detail, but with principle. It would not seek so much to be historical as, in the light of history, to tell us where we stand. It would give us, in each discipline, what I have called a *vue d'ensemble*. It would enable us to see what some writer of acknowledged eminence thought was the outcome of the disputes of the modern schoolmen. All of it, I think, complete with critical apparatus, could be easily contained in three volumes of the size of those I have been discussing. The articles might well be critically annotated by students in each field, much in the manner of the annotations to Mr. Wells's "Outline." They would have the great value of making the teache think through the whole of his subjec He would have to see it at those margins where the real discoveries are to be made. And the volumes would provoke a debate on first principles which could hardly have other than a vitalizing effect upon the foundations of social thought.

Let me, if only for the sake of illustration, state this in personal terms. Let us imagine a volume upon political science in which a writer of the poise and discretion of Professor Coker surveyed the present battlefield; in which someone with the unique combination of philosophic insight and practical knowledge of Professor Frankfurter told us his views upon the position of the theory of public administration. Professor Allyn Young, alas, is no longer with us to survey with that magistral glance the contemporary position of economics; but such a discussion from the pen of Professor Viner would have a public wherever learning and common sense are cherished. Professor Lourie might well do anthropology and tell us what he thinks of the present status of the diffusionist controversy. For jurisprudence we might go to Professor Geny of Nancy; for international law I do not doubt that Professor Anzelotti would serve us well. In economic history, there is M. Henri Sée; for sociology there is Professor Ginsberg to compel whom to the obligation of a book would be (as his pupils know) little less than a public service. And my encyclopedia would end (or perhaps begin) with a volume on the Logic and Method of the Social Sciences from Professor Morris Cohen. Is there much room for doubt that such an encyclopedia would be a fruitful stimulus to thought in the years that lie ahead?

⁂ ⁂

The volumes edited by Professor Seligman and Dr. Johnson do not fulfil, and do not pretend to fulfil, this peculiar task. They seem to me only the more to reveal its urgency by their presence. One has the sense, in reading and teaching today, of being continually on the verge of a great renaissance in the social sciences without the feeling that the actual birth is certain. I think that is largely because most of us are drowned in the masses of material. We are so immersed in the daily task that we shrink from estimating its significance in a full and critical perspective. The time has come, I urge, to take stock. Are we asking the right questions? Are we pursuing the most useful quarrels of doctrine? Are there directions of inquiry from which we might anticipate results more fruitful than those we have so far attained?

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I do not think I am mistaken in believing that such an encyclopedia as I am imagining would have a refreshing effect upon all who are interested in matters of social constitution. It is no use accumulating knowledge except as the gateway to wisdom; and wisdom comes, I take it, when we are forced to look upon the foundations of our structure from an eminence. Everyone knows the invigorating effect of reading a great monograph on the history of some social doctrine. It may be Gierke on corporations, Meinecke on reason of state, Halévy on the utilitarians. One has the sense there of being taken up into a mountain and seeing in its due proportion the meaning of the teeming life below. My encyclopedia would have the same effect upon contemporary thought as this. It would create excitement, gladness, indignation. A German *Gelehrte* would sharpen his controversial sword; a French sociologist would regret his devotion to his own tongue; and our Oxford don, a little scornfully, no doubt, would be driven to emit a book review. The stimulus, I suggest, would be world-wide; and the consequences could hardly fail to be of definite value.

Let me say one final word. I am not asking for an encyclopedia in the sense of a system. That, I know full well, is born only of a solitary brooding upon the facts of one who feels the compulsion to such synthesis. I think rather of an assessment of our position—an assessment that should be a challenge to a reassessment of our values. It is time that we knew where we stood. For it is only when men have a signpost that they can be sure they are on the right road.

Harold J. Laski is professor of political science in the University of London. Among his many publications are "Authority in the Modern State," "A Grammar of Politics," and "Communism." He is a frequent contributor to the Nation, Manchester Guardian, *and other British and American journals.*

"Bigger and Better"

CHARLESTON, HISTORIC AND ROMANTIC. By HARRIETTE KERSHAW LEIDING. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

TWENTY years apart, two Charleston ladies have written books about Charleston. Given a beautiful subject both made good books. But there is a vital and almost tragic difference between the earlier volume of Harriott Horry Rutledge Ravenel and the new "Charleston, Historic and Romantic," by Harriette Kershaw Leiding. Mrs. Ravenel stopped her story with an almost arrogant abruptness soon after the Civil War. Mrs. Leiding continues undismayed to the recent building of the municipal swimming pool. There is a difference.

Mrs. Leiding's book is in its main portions an excellent work, probably more complete than any other single volume ever written about the lovely South Carolina city. Long a student of her city and its history she knows perhaps as well as anyone today the glamorous details of its past. Beside her formal history she sets down the fine stories which, as much as azaleas and architecture and grilled gateways, make Charleston not only a city in South Carolina but even more vitally a city in the American imagination. She relates that Charlestonians went in 1752 from laying the cornerstone of St. Michael's Church to Gordon's "genteel house of entertainment" where the bill was £61, 10s, five shilling of which was for broken glass. In this same eighteenth century the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Purcell climbed the brick wall to go to parties and climbed back to come home. Moll, one of the "three beautiful Harvey sisters of wild, passionate tempers and rich, exuberant beauty" flirted famously with Prince William, later William IV, when he was a Royal Navy Lieutenant stationed in Charleston. General Moultrie fought a duel, "pinked" his man, wiped his sword, made a bow, walked around the corner, and attended divine services. There was ghostly music in St. Phillip's Church when, in the fire of 1835, heated air rushed through the pipes of the organ. Northerners said in 1861, "The Rebellion commences where Charleston is and shall end where Charleston was."

This old, almost fabulous, Charleston Mrs. Leiding has written well. But she goes on. She glows like the New South. Of Charleston today she writes quite correctly:

> The Southern Railway has erected here the most modern coal tipple south of Norfolk, and four large oil companies have selected Charleston as a distributing center. Sixteen large fertilizer plants are located here, the total output of which makes Charleston rank as one of the world's largest manufacturing points for commercial fertilizers, and here also is found the country's largest plant for the manufacture of woven asbestos, the factory of the General Asbestos and Rubber Company. And the proximity of the city to the Cuban ore fields and advantages of cheap transportation will eventually bring steel plants and mills here.

There is no inkling that Mrs. Leiding regards herself as a Prophet of Doom. She writes about coming steel mills with a ring of Southern pride and not a sign of Southern tears. When Mrs. Ravenel wrote about Charleston she wrote as a woman might write about her dead lover. Mrs. Leiding writes of the New Charleston as a woman might write in Des Moines or Charlotte or Charleston about her up-and-coming son. She is undoubtedly right. Her new Charleston is stripped of the dingy black satin and also it has gone triumphantly into trade. One day if the gods are good it may be an Atlanta. And actually what difference does it make? The old Charleston is being submerged by a second wave of carpetbaggers, this time welcomed as millionaires. They use it as they use antique furniture. Ultimately they will do as much damage as steel mills. [illegible] do not eat peanuts in the Legislature will go about calling Charleston and Charlestonians quaint, and no town or body can stand that very long. Charleston went into the Civil War and it can go into the steel mills. Besides, the smoke can't do much more than kill a few magnolia trees and smut up a few gardens of azaleas. It was about the year 1870, though she did not write until 1907, that Mrs. Ravenel turned up her patrician nose. So far as she was concerned, she said, Charleston was a city dead. Instead, very lively, it has gone bigger and better. But under Mrs. Ravenel's nose the difference is not appreciable.

"Many publishers says a writer in *John o'London's Weekly*, are turning their attention to collectors as a direct market for small books by publishing single short original works by authors of a young reputation, editions in which the value is not so much the bulk of the book, nor even the fine printing, as the rarity artificially produced by printing only a small number. It remains a question whether such methods are any real advantage to literature. Collectors are rarely, if ever, collectors because they like reading, and the man with a passion for reading is rarely, if ever, a collector. One of the best-read men it has ever been my fortune to meet is a brute to his books—there is no other word for it, and I hope, if this ever catches his eye, he will forgive me for saying so. If occasion to quote arises he will quote with the scissors! There is an anthology of poetry on my shelf at the moment which has suffered this mutilation, and it remains only the stump of what it was, all its best flowers and branches out of the reach of myself, its owner, and everyone who takes the book out."

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

BRAVE NEW WORLD. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. *Doubleday, Doran.*
A satirical novel, portraying the society of the future when the social organism shall have been standardized in the fashion of Ford, when birth is controlled in the laboratory, and the individual is arbitrarily conditioned to the environment.

MEMOIRS OF A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE. By General RAFAEL DE NOGALES. *Harrison Smith.*
The chronicle of a Venezuelan adventurer who fought in many lands and under many flags.

APOCALYPSE. By D. H. LAWRENCE. *Viking.*
A discussion of some of the ideas, enlightened and perverse, which have engrossed the mind of man through the centuries.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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Such People

BRAVE NEW WORLD. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by EDWARD CUSHING

LAYING aside Mr. Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World," one reflects that artists have never had much use for utopias. Rather pointedly—almost contemptuously, in fact—they have left the envisioning of the perfect state, the perfect society, to philosophers and theologians, to scientists and politicians. Why? Primarily, one supposes, because of a disbelief in perfectibility and a distrust of progress, based on a clearer realization than most men have of the paradox implicit in the word. Perfection is the artist's ideal if it is anyone's; and who should know better than he, as a result of bitter, heartbreaking experience, that perfection is unattainable? As for progress, to the artist it means one thing only: compromise, and—where major matters such as civilization are concerned, not minor matters such as works of art—the development in men of one set of faculties at the expense of another. Of the faculties of the body at the expense of the faculties of the spirit, when the goal is worldly; of the faculties of the spirit at the expense of those of the body, when the goal is situated the other side of life. . . . Wherefore, if they must, let men of limited vision preach utopias, whether of this world or the next. For the artist so to do would be tantamount to a denial of reason, a denial of faith—of faith in humanity, which is the artist's good, the artist's beauty, the artist's truth.

As Mr. Huxley, and that is to say as any artist, sees it, the trouble with utopias is that they are essentially utopian. Granting that men could, without the sacrifice of anything that contributes to their physical, mental, and moral well-being, attain a state of perfect happiness and contentment, the question remains, Would they find it desirable, or even endurable? [illegible] or it ought to be elementary that objects, ideas, states of being d[illegible] appearance, their meaning, their very existence for that matter, from contrast with dissimilar objects, ideas, and states of being. Happiness is no exception to this rule, and the inhabitants of utopia would soon enough realize (if one grants them, as one must, any degree of intelligence, of sensitiveness) that in eliminating the causes of unhappiness from the world, happiness itself had been done away with, since as a positive experience it is purchasable only at the price of suffering.

This particular difficulty in the way of creating a heaven on earth has rarely been considered by those who have undertaken to demonstrate how it can be done. For the simple reason, one suspects, that obvious and fundamental though it is, it has never occurred to them. Scientists and philosophers and theologians and politicians, when they run true to type, are men of limited imagination and narrow vision, and their notions of what makes for the happiness of man are often quite incredibly naive. The doctor would make man happy by making him healthy, the economist by making him wealthy, the teacher by making him wise. It is easy to see how, from any such point of view, the attainment of a utopian state appears not only possible but probable. But, unfortunately, the truth concerning human happiness is not thus easily simplified, and one man's conception of the good life will not necessarily satisfy another.

Mr. Huxley admits that utopias are definitely realizable. He quotes Berdiaeff—"*la vie marche vers les utopias*"—and by implication agrees with him. But the prospect is one that alarms him. He has no scientific or romantic illusions concerning the direction, the ultimate outcome of progress; he is an artist and therefore in a superior sense a rationalist, and he foresees the future as the present indicates it, realistically and in the round. The vision is revolting, the more so since it is presented to us by a grinning prophet. For here is a civilization that reckons time in years A. F. (After Ford), a world-state unified and standardized and stabilized, from which science has eliminated vivaparous gestation. A civilization in which men and women, conceived in test tubes and born of bottles, are conditioned as embryos for the positions they are to occupy in a society conforming to a caste-system and for the work they will be assigned ("since happiness consists in liking what one has to do"). A civilization in which the mental habits, the opinions, and prejudices of individuals are determined by hypnopædic education beginning, practically, at birth; in which pleasure is entirely a matter of physical sensation ("unrestricted copulation and the feelies"); from which art and religion have been abolished; in which the word "mother" is an obscenity, and the poetry of the Bible and Shakespeare considered smut.

What price utopia? asks Mr. Huxley. Art and science (answers a World Controller, A. F. 632), thought and feeling, [illegible]th and beauty. Because, of course, such [illegible] are incompatible with happiness and comfort and stability.

> The world's stable now. People are happy, they get what they want and they never want what they can't get. They're well off, they're safe; they're never ill; they're not afraid of death; they're blissfully ignorant of passion and old age; they're plagued with no mothers or fathers; they've got no wives, or children, or lovers to feel strongly about; they're so conditioned that they practically can't help behaving as they ought to behave.

If Mr. Huxley is amused, he is also indignant; and if this reader shares his laughter, he joins as well in his protest. "I don't want comfort," cries the Savage he has introduced into this Model T Utopia. "I want God, I want poetry, I want real danger, I want freedom, I want goodness. I want sin." A right to and a reason for nobility and heroism, symptoms though they may be of political inefficiency. A right and a reason to love life and fear death, to live perilously and die bravely. A right, in sort, to feel, to believe in, to assert one's humanity, with its imperfections, its inconveniences, its ultimate sublimity. Mr. Huxley is eloquent in his declaration of an artist's faith in man, and it is his eloquence, bitter in attack, noble in defense, that, when one has closed his book, one remembers—rather than his cleverness and his wit, which one admires and forgets.

"A human document of unusual interest," says the London *Observer*, "is appearing in the 'Dante Edition,' in the form of an autobiography called 'A Man's Life,' by a former locksmith's apprentice called Lajos Kassak. Six volumes of the nine to which the autobiography will run have now been published, and in these the author describes his childhood, love life, war experiences, his part in the workman's movement, and his development as author and artist. Though Kassak emphasises his intention to write without artistic discrimination an 'objective and subjective history' of a human life, the innate artist is apparent throughout this gigantic work."

The Two Mr. Cabells

THESE RESTLESS HEADS. By BRANCH CABELL. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1932. $2.50.

JAMES BRANCH CABELL. By CARL VAN DOREN. The same. $1.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

IT is perhaps ungenerous, but quite certainly inevitable, to recall that Mr. James Branch Cabell recently announced the conclusion of his literary work, and that he caused some stir by naming various contemporaries of his who would, he said, have been better advised to stop writing, like him, before they passed their prime. But now it appears that Mr. Cabell's completed work is the "Biography of Dom Manuel," made up of the eighteen volumes he has so far published, and that his retirement is permanent only for the first of his Christian names, for by issuing a book of comments upon life and his own work, under the name "Branch Cabell," Mr. Cabell [illegible] those contemporaries whom he ridic[illegible], and leaves to Professor Housman his unique preëminence that he stopped short at perfection. Still, nothing more is to be added to the Matter of Poictesme; James Branch Cabell is dead; and for the sake of "Jurgen" and "Chivalry" let us cry, "Long live Mr. Branch Cabell."

It is a sad task to begin reviewing Mr. Cabell with "These Restless Heads." Mr. Branch Cabell and Mr. Carl Van Doren are luckier, having to consider only the completed works of James Cabell. For Mr. Cabell's present incarnation, like so many sons of great men, suffers badly by the comparison with his begetter. The author of the "Biography of Dom Manuel" had, like Horace and many another great writer, but a small stock of ideas, which were in the strict sense commonplace,—that love is pleasant but overrated, that life is vanity but can be made happy and admirable by a judicious choice of illusions, and that nothing, when looked at from the other point of view, is found to be wholly true. It is not these that made him great, but his invention of romantic backgrounds and high-hearted actions, presented with just enough of the preservative salt of disillusion so that we could accept romance from him when the romances were too sweet for our taste; his occasional flashes of the real poetry of the vanity of the world; and his humor and delightful ribaldry. And of all these there is not much to be found in "These Restless Heads." It is a book of reflections, melancholy and inconclusive reflections like those that take up too much of "The Virginians"; and they will not be new to readers of Mr. Cabell. The ribaldry is there, but it is no longer broad and delightful, it is fine-drawn, melancholy, and a little too personal for the reader's comfort. A man of middle age recalling the amours of his youth like Mr. Frank Harris, to dwell upon how pleasant they were, is disquieting; but a man recalling his amours to dwell upon how unsatisfactory and rather disgusting they were at the best, is more disquieting still. And there is not much else to vary the even tone of Mr. Branch Cabell's discourse upon the work of James Branch Cabell. Devotees of Mr. Cabell will find interest in some of the comments and explanations of the "Biography of Dom Manuel"; but the general reader will feel that it is a bedraggled phœnix that has risen a little way from the ashes of Poictesme.

Mr. Van Doren's book about James Branch Cabell (whose loss we deplore) is valuable rather as information than as criticism. It explains with great clearness the relationship of the eighteen volumes of James Cabell's complete works, and explains also and admirably the conception of gallantry and chivalry expressed in the books with those titles, and shows how these twin themes run through the author's work; and it expounds the allegory of "Figures of Earth" and deciphers some of the anagrams. In brief, it is a most illuminating book for understanding Cabell. As criticism, however, it is marred by an uncritical admiration, and sometimes an ambiguity of phrase. It begins well by comparing "Jurgen" to "Tristram Shandy," a just and helpful comparison; but it concludes rather foggily by saying: "There seems to be no longer any reason for not *associating him with* (my italics) the only two comparable American romancers, Hawthorne and Melville," which may mean anything, but probably means too much, since except for Cabell's poetry, Mr. Van Doren scarcely indicates a fault in him.

JAMES INTRODUCES BRANCH

Drawn for the *Saturday Review* by Guy Pène du Bois.

A Last Testament

APOCALYPSE. By D. H. LAWRENCE. New York: The Viking Press. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

D. H. LAWRENCE supposed himself to be at war with his own times. Superficially, he had ample reason for his belief. His books were censored, he was bitterly attacked in public and private, he had perhaps more enemies than any other writer of his generation, and hys[illegible]al shrieks of disapproval have continued to be heard since his death. It is entirely natural that his friend, Mr. Richard Aldington, writing a long introduction to Lawrence's posthumous "Apocalypse"—an introduction in the form of a personal letter to Mrs. Lawrence—should stress this point of Lawrence's alienation from his age, and should emphasize his loneliness, and his sufferings from the lack of comprehension of his contemporaries. But in his loyal zeal Mr. Aldington greatly overdoes the sentimental business. He tells us of Lawrence's real love for mankind, of his kindness to children, of his fastidious objections to any light remarks on sex, etc., etc., until one wearies of these apologetics and begins to feel as when reading Mme. Foerster-Nietzsche's well-meant attempt to picture her brother as a good, harmless Christian after all. Equally repugnant is another and opposed element in Mr. Aldington's introduction, an unconscious provincialism and intellectual snobbishness which would keep Lawrence as the possession of a clique—an interesting and on the whole admirable clique, but a clique none the less. All of this is to lose sight of one of the essential elements of Lawrence's greatness—his representative quality, which will cause him long to be read as one of the most profound expressions of the troubled times in which we live.

Lawrence consistently voiced in all his works three of the most fundamental attitudes of the early twentieth century—its anti-intellectualism, its revolt from Christianity, its waning faith in democracy. Added to this was a fourth, at first confined to artists and philosophers, but now rapidly spreading beyond them,—a deep disgust with modern industrialism. In fact, with Lawrence, the collier's son, it was perhaps the last which lay at the root of the other three. The intellect, which served men well in Greece and Rome, became in the Middle Ages the tool of religion, so that when modern industrialism swallowed up religion it swallowed the intellect along with it and science, which might have enlightened all men, led mainly to the material enrich-

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ment of the few. Instead of striving to rescue the intellect from its subservient condition—the real constructive task of the hour and of all hours—Lawrence, strong in his poetic genius, turned the other way, seeking, and in large measure finding, emotional union with cosmic forces far older than the intellect.

In this he was at one with Nietzsche, with Robinson Jeffers, with O'Neill, but more than any of these he shared the modern malady of inner disharmony. A poet, with a profound sense of natural affinities, a sweeping yet detailed imagination, a superb mastery of language, he was still unable to move freely in the patterns of verse. In discussions of his novels, one never hears mention of the characters; it is this or that subtle psychological mood which holds the attention; above all, it is not the novel with which one is concerned, but, evermore, Lawrence himself. And Lawrence himself was not one self but several.

Time was we sought the essence of a man in some ruling passion. Perhaps a better way, certainly in this instance a more fruitful way, is to seek his essence in his ruling conflict. No author has ever been more of an individualist than Lawrence in his refusal to allow his personality to be sidetracked by alien interests, and, on the other hand, no author has been more recognizant of the sidetracking demands of love. In book after book he revealed the inevitability of this confiict, his own and every man's, between the innermost ego and the uttermost love (*amor* or *caritas*, it makes no difference); slowly, in his works, the victory shifted from the inner to the outer influence. Finally, in "Apocalypse" there is definitive surrender, definitive triumph.

The Book of Revelation, in Lawrence's decidedly thrilling interpretation, lives as a contemporary volume. He first tells of his hatred of it in childhood, when its magniloquent phrases were dinned into his ears, and he saw those about him in chapel inspired to a weird self-inflation by this unintelligible volume, so different from all the others of the New Testament, so bloodthirsty, revengeful, so saturated with envy and malice.

> It was not till many years had gone by, and I had read something of comparative religion and the history of religion, that I realized what a strange book it was that had inspired the colliers on the black Tuesday nights in Pentecost or Beauvale Chapel to such a queer sense of special authority and of religious cheek. Strange, marvellous black nights of the north Midlands, with the gas-light hissing in the chapel, and the roaring of the strong-voiced colliers. Popular religion: a religion of self-glorification and power, forever! and of darkness.

Study revealed the pagan substratum of Revelation, the symbolism harking back to ancient initiation ceremonies and beyond, born of that primitive cosmic rapture dear to Lawrence who found even the Greeks and Romans intellectually corrupt and sought his spiritual friends among the Etruscans and the pre-Greek Mediterranean peoples. But this pagan symbolism was already losing its meaning by the time it reached John of Patmos and it suffered further transmogrification at the hands of later Christian scholiasts. After the magnificent opening of the Seven Seals, the Book of Revelation declines into the tedious repetition of the Seven Trumpets and trails off into confused prophecies of revenge and the destruction of the world. What was in the far past a sense of cosmic power became the weakling's envious longing for individual power, a hatred of the fulness of life in others so vindictive that it could not be satisfied with less than the annihilation of the whole cosmos, leaving only the weakling and his fellow-weaklings throned beside God. In other words, the Book of Revelation, "the feet of clay to the grand Christian image," is a revelation of what Christianity actually is in practice—a hatred of excellence, an enthronement of mediocrity. It is equally a revelation of what democracy is in practice. The mistake has been to treat the individual as if he were, at least potentially, a whole man capable of self-fulfilment, whereas in fact men are "by nature fragmentary," capable only of vicarious fulfilment in an ordered hierarchy in which they may identify themselves with beings above them, lords and kings, the nation, the race, the cosmos.

Here we have the tragic abandonment, characteristic of our day, of the Jeffersonian, the Emersonian hope. This very Nietzschean Apocalypse is a new Anti-Christ. And yet, so coercive is the time spirit over individual temperament, that the romanticist Lawrence, travelling strange paths, arrives at the same inn where T. S. Eliot and his intellectualist followers sit toasting God and the King. Had he lived longer, would he have found the inn too bleak, and all hierarchies too formal? Perhaps, for of all things he loved life. Dying, he wrote, "For man, the vast marvel is to be alive. For man, as for flower and beast and bird, the supreme triumph is to be most vividly, most perfectly alive. Whatever the unborn and the dead may know, they cannot know the beauty, the marvel of being alive in the flesh." Such is the last testament of D. H. Lawrence.

A Portrait of Lincoln

LINCOLN THE UNKNOWN. By DALE CARNEGIE. New York: The Century Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

FRANKLY admitting that until several years ago he had known little about Lincoln, Mr. Carnegie tells us that his book rests upon intensive study since then and upon a feeling for the subject so profound that he wrote most of the chapters where Lincoln had lived and moved. The sight in London of a chance article by T. P. O'Connor on Ann Rutledge first stirred his curiosity. After three years work in Europe and New York he threw away his manuscript. Going to Illinois, he lived among the people whose fathers had known Lincoln intimately, labored for months among newspapers and court records, and spent a summer in Petersburg, a mile from Lincoln's New Salem. Under the same white oaks which Lincoln knew he set up his typewriter, and half the book was composed there, with the winding Sangamon flowing beside him and the hayfields musical with meadow-larks and bob-whites. When he came to write of Anne Rutledge, he drove with a typewriter and folding table "through a hog-lot and a cow pasture until I reached the quiet, secluded spot where Ann Rutledge lies buried, and there, where Lincoln came to weep, was set down the story of his grief." Other chapters were written in the sitting room of the Lincoln house in Springfield—some at the desk where he composed his first inaugural address. These are curious literary methods.

It will at least be seen that Mr. Carnegie has brought genuine feeling to his story of Lincoln, and this feeling shows in all his pages. The book is short. It is unpretentious, making no claim to new information or to any new interpretations of importance. The title is infelicitous, for at this time there can be no Lincoln the unknown. Indeed, in various essential features Mr. Carnegie draws his Lincoln after the portrait made so many years ago by W. H. Herndon, and so largely confirmed by the exhaustive researches of Albert J. Beveridge. Such few merits as the volume possesses are due in large part to the warmth of the author's feeling for Lincoln, and to his instinct for graphic human detail. It also has a quick narrative flow. Despite the handicap of jerky sentences and paragraphs and the familiarity of the contents, these three qualities give the book a certain vitality and will perhaps carry the reader—particularly the ordinary reader who does not know more than Mr. Carnegie did a half dozen years ago—through to the end.

Viewed critically, the book has two great and innumerable minor defects: it over-simplifies the portrait of Lincoln, and it heavily sentimentalizes the man. The author is intent above everything else upon drawing Lincoln as a tragic figure, buffeted at every step through life and sunk in melancholy. For this purpose he treats Ann Rutledge's death as an appalling blow to Lincoln, though Mr. Beveridge pretty conclusively showed there was no real evidence for such a view. With the same object he treats Lincoln's marriage as an unrelieved tragedy, ignoring the fact that it gave him social position, assisted in his political rise, and yielded long periods of content if not happiness. To accentuate the pathos, he emphasizes Lincoln's poverty, his uncouthness, the contempt with which he was sometimes treated by others, and his "failure" in middle age. At forty-nine, we are told, "in business he has been a failure"; "in marriage he has found stark, bleak unhappiness"; "in politics and the cherished desires of his heart he has met with frustration and defeat." To describe the Lincoln of 1858 in these terms is, to say the least, something of an exaggeration. In the treatment of the White House years we might expect a sturdier tone, but again the same note is repeatedly struck. Almost nothing is said of Lincoln's ebullitions of humor, while the infinite complexity of the man is not revealed. Undoubtedly he played the game of politics joyously, assiduously, and expertly, and undoubtedly in Washington he sometimes felt the elation of mastery. His varied intellectual and moral qualities—his shrewdness, his insight, his craft, his magnanimity, his caution, his tenderness, his occasional inflexibility—cannot be drawn in a few broad and pathetic strokes.

When we say that Mr. Collins has an instinct for graphic human detail, we do less than justice to one of his traits. He has a bizarre taste in details. It interests him that the Springfield druggist refused to sell perfume to Mrs. Lincoln on credit; that the boarding house where Lincoln lived as a Congressman in Washington had no plumbing and a goose-pen in the back yard; that garden-seeds sprouted on the dusty bookcases in Lincoln's law offices; that when Willie died in the White House Lincoln had the body twice exhumed for a farewell look; that John Wilkes Booth when shot carried the pictures of five sweethearts; that when Lincoln's coffin was opened in 1901 there was a spot of mould on his tie. In a book of three hundred pages, he gives forty to the pursuit of Booth and to the various efforts to carry off Lincoln's body. When he comes to describe Lincoln's Secretary of War, it is in these terms, all too characteristic of the style of the volume:

> Short, heavy-set, with the build of a bull, Stanton had something of that animal's fierceness and ferocity.
>
> All his life he had been rash and erratic. His father, a physician, hung a human skeleton in the barn where the boy played, hoping that he too would become a doctor. The young Stanton lectured to his playmates about the skeleton, Moses, hell-fire, and the flood; and then went off to Columbus, Ohio, and became a clerk in a drug store. He boarded in a private family, and one morning shortly after he left the house, the daughter of the family fell ill with cholera, and was dead and in her grave when Stanton came home for supper that night.
>
> He refused to believe it.
>
> Fearing that she had been buried alive, he hurried to the cemetery, found a spade, and worked furiously for hours, digging up her body.
>
> Years later, driven to despair by the death of his own daughter, Lucy, he had her body exhumed after she had been buried thirteen months, and kept her corpse in his bedroom more than a year.
>
> When Mrs. Stanton died, he put her nightcap and nightgown beside him in bed each night, and wept over them.
>
> He was a strange man.

It might be thought that, with so much that is really excellent upon Lincoln in print, we had reached a point where a new book upon him really had to present a fairly good excuse for being. But the "literature of the subject" will no doubt continue to be enriched year after year, with just such volumes as this.

One of the most important Robert Louis Stevenson collections in this country is being catalogued by Gertrude Hills. As a section of the catalogue will be devoted to listing unique items and their present whereabouts, she would appreciate hearing from any owners who are willing to have such a record of their property made. Her address is 150 East 50th Street, New York.

Essays In Appreciation

MODERN PAINTING. By FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1931. $6.50.

ESTIMATES IN ART, SERIES II. By FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR. The same. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM M. IVINS, JR.
Metropolitan Museum of Arts

THESE two little books, in which learning is lightly worn and experience is disguised as simplicity, are of interest in these days for more than their titular subject matter. Although technically to be classified as art criticism they are in fact essays in elucidation and appreciation of the older American point of view and style.

"Modern Painting," a carefully reworked version of Professor Mather's Lowell Lectures of 1916, is a short history of European painting since the eighteenth century. "Estimates in Art" is a series of occasional essays on American painters of the generations that have gone before. The one deals with a vast and difficult subject matter and its ease and reasonableness cover many hot enthusiasms as tempered by mature and often illuminating thought. The other is happier in its restrictions, for here the author was unhampered by any need to present a balanced picture of a great and tangled historic development. Where the first presents modern art as growing out of life, the second portrays a series of artistic temperaments as excerpts from life itself.

It is the occasional production of books like these of Professor Mather's that enables one to maintain both faith and interest in the criticism as distinct from the connoiseurship of art. There are few subjects in the world today that are as much written about as art and none that are worse written about. For some occult reason most of the books about older art are either trash or dry as dust archæology, "chats about," or monumental compilations of footnotes, only to be waded through in their respective ways by the ignorant and the learned. Of the books about modern art practically all are trash, and most of them are written in that ponderous language of mystical ecstasy that denotes either ignorance or inability to think, and frequently denotes both. The older rhetorics all devoted their chapters to jargon, holding it up as the last and the worst of the writer's sins, but they were written before modern art had sprouted its verbiage and thus they failed to contain the most awful examples of flatulent emptiness that the language affords. Now, when a subject is always inextricably wrapped in a thick, mucky speech that seems to have been invented for the purpose of concealing thought and defying comprehension, it is not unnatural that intelligent readers should come to the conclusion that perhaps it does not exist and certainly that it is of doubtful interest or importance. It is only the rare and lucid books of authors like the Marquand Professor of Art and Archæology at Princeton that give one courage and energy to cope with the "literature" of art criticism.

Professor Mather is not only one of the elders among our contemporary critics, but he enjoys the inestimable advantage from his reader's point of view of being one of the few surviving representatives of the most dignified and serious schools of American journalism. After achieving high academic honors he served his apprenticeship on the *Evening Post*, then still in the strong tradition of Bryant, of Godwin, and of Godkin, and he was intimately associated with the *Nation* which Godkin, and after him Garrison, had raised to a high position among the best written and most influential critical journals in the English language. The importance of this is shown by the fact that he is the only journalist among our art critics who was to be called from journalism to an academic chair, and subsequently to be made director of an art museum. His English is simple and clean and always he has something to say. He is thoroughly acquainted with both of those so different things, the *wissen* and the *kennen* of art. He has known all the irresponsible joys

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of the private collector, the fatigues of the serious investigator, and, a museum director, he knows as none of his fellow critics the meaning of responsibility for his opinions and acts. The consequence of all this is that whether or not he makes an occasional mistake of fact, and whether or not one is always able to agree with him in his estimates of value, one is always able to read him in the secure consciousness that what one reads is steeped in the best and the richest of American tradition and that one is receiving an honest and an intelligent account of something that is worth one's serious attention.

An "old American," Mr. Mather speaks, as no one else now writing about art, for the other old Americans, a group and an attitude that in spite of the flood of other ethnic strains and backgrounds still have their place and their meaning in our civilization and its scale of values. By personal and professional tradition and by virtue of his professorial calling he is aware that Rome was not built in a day and that that day was neither yesterday nor today, that just as there always has been, so will there always be art, and that neither divine dispensations nor the blinding conversions of ignorance can change it from its course. However great his enthusiasm and his personal interest and delight in a work of art, his sense of historic perspective saves him and keeps him reasonable. He is always reasonable, and however small an artistic virtue reasonability may now be considered, there is no question that it is now and always has been one of the greatest and rarest of the critical virtues. With it and knowledge and sensibility a critic can begin to fill his task in the community, and that task, as Mr. Mather knows, is something other than dry-as-dust, or dull, adulation and smart cavilling.

A modest, kindly, and greatly experienced man, Mr. Mather has written books to which his contemporaries may turn for sane and balanced opinions and to which the future historians of taste will have to give serious consideration.

Diluted Books

(*Continued from page* 517)

for the multitude. More should be asked of authors not less,—more imagination, more knowledge, more fertility, more style. More style particularly, for it is a vulgar error to suppose that good style is complex. Essentially it is the final simplification of the subject—the best thought best expressed.

If our object in this country were to educate in the rudiments of modern knowledge a vast multitude of adults recently illiterate then there would be reason in the cry to make all our books easy. But those who admire the Russian experiment forget that our textbooks and our magazines have for a century been functioning in a problem which is new only to Russia. More, much more can be done here in adult education by books, but in a stabilized country that is only one, and not the most important, function of real books. They must be full-blooded, fully mature realizations of the best life we have, and if you ask an author to do work of this kind with a vocabulary of three hundred words and a censorship upon all complexities of thought and emotion, you turn him into a hack, and his book into a commodity which must compete with every newsstand.

"Which is the longest printed sentence in the English language? asks the London *Observer*. Apart from Acts of Parliament, it may well be Hazlitt's of 100 lines on Coleridge ('The Spirit of the Age'), though possibly Ruskin or the late Henry James may have exceeded it. A curiosity in this way is Wordsworth's poem, 'The Happy Warrior,' which, apart from the opening and closing couplets, consists entirely of two very long compound sentences, one of them running to fifty-seven lines."

The lecture on Poetry which was delivered by John Masefield in the Queen's Hall, London, has now been issued in England in book form.

The BOWLING GREEN

Human Being

VIII. SHOW BUSINESS

AT first Hubbard supposed that Richard's brother, "Shad" Roe as they call him, was in some branch of the rubber-heel business. Lucille kept saying that he was with a Gilbert O'Sullivan company. Then Hubbard chanced to pick up her weekly copy of *Variety*, encyclopædia of the theatre, and saw Shad's announcement that he was open for engagements. He had been trouping with *The Mikado*. When that came to an end, business was poor and the only job he could find was playing checkers against all comers in the basement of a so-called Flea Circus. Lucille imparted this information reluctantly: artists who have been in Legit regard the flea business as something of a come-down. But Shad, who was a quite remarkable performer at checkers, consoled himself by remarking that he was still "playing on the boards," and that business was lousy. This strong old epithet, unpardonable elsewhere, is justified in theatrical tradition, for Shakespeare used it.

Hubbard in his sheltered life as a Credit Man had not even known of the existence of such places. He went down there to try a game with Shad. Students of art's eccentric limboes know the general flavor of the Dime Museum. Side-shows of various monstrosities, Peeping Tom slot-machines, and a dreary posse of senescent females posturing briefly in a picture-frame as Art Models. The serfs and bumpkins gape sombrely and are lured on from one pruritus to another by the familiar suggestion that the next will be the Al-together—like philosophers pursuing the Absolute. But at one end of this dingy warehouse sit a row of men in derby hats, oblivious to the carnal show, brooding over checkers. It is a noble instance of intellect's triumph over flesh.

Hubbard recognized Shad at once by his likeness to Richard. There was the same softly frosting hair, the same square rather small head and sharp nose; the face was not so deeply seamed, for years of make-up keep an actor's skin lubricated. The stage wears its wrinkles inside. Hubbard loitered about, averting his eyes from the Dead Sea Aphrodites, until Shad's checker board was free. They played, and Shad soon disposed of Hubbard's innocent gambits. He didn't even look up at his opponent: he was artist enough to know by the way the other put the pieces on the board that as a checker-player he was negligible. Shad was the more surprised when Hubbard invited him to dinner. The biographer was beginning to realize that Shad and Gladys, the brother and the daughter, were the only available people who shared Richard Roe's actual blood or sperm. Perhaps from these agnates, if he was wary, he might learn more of the Roe character than from others.

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An amusing fellow, Shad, as Hubbard reports him. He must have absorbed a larger portion than Richard of the volatile salts of temperament; or he had learned to utilize traits that in his brother were more deeply buried. When in New York he rarely left the Times Square region, the Main Stem as they call it. If he got a vaudeville job at an outlying theatre or on the Subway Circuit he considered himself an adventurer into wild savannahs of the primitive and hurried back to his small bedroom in a hotel on the Forties. There, looking sideways from his window-sill at night, he could get the impression (so comforting to the actor) that only a few yards away the whole town is burning up. He considered Richard a rustic for having lived as far uptown as the 80's. Old showmen smile when they read that the Social Center of Manhattan is somewhere near Park Avenue and 71st. They know better: it is just about at Gray's Cut-rate Drugstore. But in spite of Shad's conviction that Richard was a bit of a sap he was not above planning many ingenious raids on the treasury of the Flatiron office. These were mostly foiled by Minnie Hutzler.

When Shad learned that Hubbard had once had a remote but profitable connection with Show Business his cordiality improved. Though an excellent comedian, his heart was not in vaudeville: his ambition was to get back to producing, in which he had once taken a crash. In that levitating art, as in flying, it is not getting off the ground that is difficult, but returning safely to it. He at once began to wonder whether Hubbard would help to raise capital for a revue a friend of his was contemplating. Hubbard was naive enough to ask whether it was written yet, thus showing his ignorance: revues are not written, they curdle together by a kind of insane ferment. *Oysters R in Season* was the title: the big idea seemed to be that the chorus, representing pearls, would be introduced in huge papier-mâché oyster-shells. Lots of shows, Shad insisted, have been put over with no more inspiration than that. We'd only need a shoestring; I can get one of the agencies to take a piece. He was engagingly candid in urging Hubbard not to be overpersuaded. I get lots of hunches, he said, but some of them are pretty rotten. I need someone to tick me off. It's a pity Dick got out of show business. He didn't have much yen for the stage, but he was grand for the Front of the House. He had the makings of a swell Company Manager.

It was fascinating to see how well Shad understood the enigmatic region of Times Square. The elongated X from 42nd to 48th vibrated for him with instinctive meanings. Seventh Avenue was his seventh heaven. To all outsiders that area remains a grotesque paradox, from the squalor of its uncomfortable Comfort Station to the phœnix-fires of its topmost sky-sign. There is some mystery there that the layman cannot penetrate—mystery in its old sense of trade-secret. The visitor is acutely aware that here is a world of its own in which he is only a cash customer. It has its own language, its own humors, its own cruel despairs and its own warm hearts. In that world you are only one of the thousand midriffs needed to make up a belly-laugh. Once, morbidly inquisitive, I halted to discover what the barker was shouting in front of a burlesque theatre on 42nd Street. His melancholy and reiterated yell was this: "Feminine beauty predominates in the person of youth, beauty, and folly." I went in to catch the show and found very little of all three. Youth and beauty are all around us, in terrifying profusion, but how rare is really divine folly! "Through these portals," I said to myself (paraphrasing a rune famous in that region) "pass the oldest jokes in the world." Which is not to condemn them: for as every showman knows, the oldest jokes are the most reliable. The main targets of human mirth were carefully bracketted long, long ago; Shad Roe and Aristophanes would have understood each other perfectly, except that Shad was a good deal more delicate in taste. The simplest comment on Greek drama is rarely made: the Athenian playwright, whether for tragedy or mirth, put on his show under open sky, in brilliant sunshine and fresh air. The audience could bear the impact of appalling horror or jest with less morbid convulsion. Perhaps it is chiefly a question of ventilation.

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In every kind of commerce it is best that the customer should not know too much about the goods. In this realm Hubbard readily admitted his own ignorance. But even in walking through a few streets with Shad Roe, Hubbard could see that every glance of the eye brought to the actor highly specialized meanings and suggestions. His trained observation was automatically casting the people he saw for their appropriate parts. He saw them as Leading Men, Second Women, Ingenues or Comedy Relief. He knew his racket. Indeed the conventions of the old stock companies are the completest analogy for living.

The conflagration of evening was just brightening. The dying day, like a Hindoo widow, was on the funeral suttee, ready to expire among the electric holocaust. Rich oils and gums brightened her death-bed—motor oils and chewing gums. Mr. Hearst's newspapers for the following morning were almost out. On the crowded pavements Hubbard could feel the rising pressure of the universal need to be gulled, amused, consoled, horrified, outwitted. Here were a thousand traders ready to furnish the goods. Eyes were bright and faces handsome in strong saffron glare, and above that market-place of fiction disconcerting facts ran in letters of fire round and round the *Times* building. You would expect the burning legend to dart straight off into the air, but those words were well-trained, they turned the sharpest corners without missing a flicker.

"Did you ever see where the Tide Turned?" asked Shad. He pointed out a famous shoe-shop, much esteemed in the theatrical world. There, at the height of the now legendary Golden Age, the merchant had ornamented his luxurious new building with four graceful statues of beautiful actresses representing the varied arts of feminine impersonation. There was Ethel Barrymore as Ophelia, Marilyn Miller as Sunny (Hubbard tried to remember who Sunny was?), Mary Pickford as Little Lord Fauntleroy, and Rosa Ponselle as Norma. Shad called his attention to the date on the tablet—October 1929. "Just before business did a pratt-fall," he remarked. "The other side of the story's right across the street." Hubbard followed his gesture and saw a pawnbroker's office, with one ball missing from the symbolic three.

They had some very recent whiskey at what Shad called a whisperlow. As they sat at dinner, the trouper seemed inclined to prove the truth of that valiant Shakespearean line (in *Antony and Cleopatra*), "I have yet room for six scotches more." But as Hubbard gently evaded Shad's efforts to lure him into various forms of partnership his central thought was of the invisible brother. Had Richard had that same quick faculty, in his own world, of knowing what was going on? Through the shifting fog of human observation he suddenly seemed to see Richard loom a little closer; more definite, more tragically human. But it was not going to be easy to pump Shad by overt suction. Living from day to day by rapid impromptu, opening cold every morning, the comedian was in no mood for leisurely reminiscence. Whatever he knew must be siphoned off unsuspected.

(*To be continued*)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

A correspondent of *John o'London's Weekly*, writes as follows of Spain's national poet and dramatist, Zorrilla:

"There are certain *cafés* in all the large cities of Spain where solitary figures may be seen writing at the tables for hours on end. These are the embryo authors who compose, recite, and, occasionally, sell their work to the impromptu audiences gathered there.

"Although many of these *café* authors inevitably call to mind the down-at-heel, long-haired poets of fiction, there are, of course, exceptions, and some of these humble beginners afterwards become famous writers and poets. A notable example is that of José Zorrilla, famous as the author of the celebrated Spanish play in verse, 'Don Juan Tenorio,' whose central figure is that prototype of Spanish lovers, Don Juan of Seville, whose amorous exploits are the theme of Byron's immortal poem.

"This play, written and staged for the first time in 1844, is still popular throughout Spain and Spanish-speaking South America, and is performed in the first week of November in each year.

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Round About Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE ROAD TO DOWNDERRY

THE epithet that usually occurs to one with respect to the poetry of Margaret Widdemer is a word often misused nowadays and applied to the mediocre, namely "charm." It is true that Miss Widdemer has not always exercised so strict a critical supervision of her work as to merit the most exact application of the word. She has erred at times rather flamboyantly on the side of the sentimental. It seems to me, who am familiar with almost all of her poetry, and with some of her prose, that she is a writer to be regarded in three different aspects as the romancer, as the realist, and as the humorist. In her poetry, when the romancer and the humorist truly blend we have charming accomplishment, rue worn with a difference. And of late years, out of bitter experience, this poet has also developed a stricter, stronger style. It is further to be remembered that in her earlier years, in the poetry which first brought her the attention of the public, she spoke forcibly, from a fiery social consciousness, in "The Strong Ones," and in "The Factories." Her beginnings in prose were with romances, the titles of some of which, "The Rose-Garden Husband" and "The Wishing-Ring-Man," themselves give an indication of rather too floral tribute.

There are nine of these "romances" now—they have made her a popular prose-writer—but four other books that she lists as "novels." Beside these she has done several volumes of short stories, several books for children, and a book of delightful parodies of the work of her contemporary poets. Her great facility and her great industry the magazine editors, who so often in this country decree the direction a writer must take who wishes to earn a living through the typewriter, turned into a certain channel. They determined her "Road to Downderry." From this road much of Miss Widdemer's poetry and certain of her novels are an escape. She has struggled, in spite of editors, not to be labelled and pigeonholed. She is capable of extremely workmanlike and honest writing. To this, in verse, she brings a decided sense of humor and a considerable knowledge of song and balladry.

Frankly, as she avers on the fly-leaf of her latest volume of poems, "The Road to Downderry" (Farrar & Rinehart), she cares for "old poets and old buildings and country leisure and the romance of distance," believes "that prayer is a comfort, that building things is better than breaking them, that there is a reason somewhere for even the most chaotic of worlds," and wishes other people well. But she is far removed from the Pollyanna optimist, being a woman both of cultivation and of true courage.

MISS WIDDEMER'S LATEST POETRY

I often find a lack of precision in her writing that bothers me; by which I refer to the use of language and not to vagueness of idea. I find also, strangely enough in one who is possessed of an excellent actual singing voice, often a lack of melodic flow in her verse, which seems to exist, when I analyze it, in her handling of consonantal sounds. And sometimes I find her elaborating a poem at too great length. But a fair survey of this new book brings back findings of beauty and of sometimes unusual insight. I do not care, as I have indicated, for the title poem. It is the sort of thing Miss Widdemer can do with great fluency. It is pretty. It is no more than that. Directly following upon it, however, comes a poem with the poor title "Adventure," which has some good terse lines. And having found the name "Lostwithiel" in Cornwall, she begins another with the line "White hawthorn in Lostwithiel," evoking in this and another line, "Low rivers past Lostwithiel," genuine magic. The two Irish poems remind too strongly of a good deal of Irish poetry, but "Lake Wind" has something personal and haunting to say. And when she comes to her "Queens," the "feigning" of Elizabeth is moving, and the end of Queen Anne is in one of her best veins:

It's never she, the foolish ghost runs
weeping loud and praying
Along the haunted gallery, where empty
rooms are dark—
Queen Anne is all too glad to sleep, to let
her soul go straying
To scare a silly sentry in the palace or the
Park;
Queen Anne's abed with all her little ba-
bies round her,
In the first unworried sleep the world has
ever found her—
Purple George of Hanover may puff to be
her heir,
But the last Stuart lady does not lift her
lids to care—
She's pulled the marble round her tight,
and covered up her head—
There's nobody so glad as she that Queen
Anne's dead!

The turn at the end of "Ships" is undeniably good, and in the section "Half-Gods," "The Prisoner" is striking. So is this statement, in "Wet Fern,"

There is no chance of death for you,
For all this chilly heavy rain,
You must stand up and lift your pain,
Walk through the unregarding years.

This is but grief. Yours are but tears.

In "Some Erring Ladies Explain," her Francesca is most human, and the last verse from the declaration of Iseult of Ireland comes off well:

You held your honor close
Saving it whole,
Dearer than any girl's
Body or soul;
I'll lift my honor up,
Tossing it lightly—
Like a gold jester's ball
It shall break brightly.

But it is rather in the sequence, "A Lost Friend," that one finds Miss Widdemer at her best, particularly in "Knowledge." And a little further on, "Death is a Merciful Lord," "Coquette," and "The Daughter" are instinct with deep understanding of life. "First Lover" is also a fine original thing. Finally the "Love Songs" at the end of the volume are among the best poems in the book. In them I find true charm, for in them the fairy tale is woven out of shadowed human experience:

The Witch stands still by her door and
smiles.
Your arms are close. Ah, your lips
again!
The sun and the moon stand still.... They
say
That always the Witch will take her
pay....
I wonder what. And I wonder when.

HAROLD PULSIFER'S NEW POEMS

Harold Pulsifer, now president of the Poetry Society of America, has published only one book, "Mothers and Men," prior to the present volume which comes from Houghton Mifflin, "Harvest of Time." His work is marked by its sincerity. The title poem is an unusually good sonnet:

Time winnows beauty with a fiery wind,
Driving the dead chaff from the living
grain.
Some day there will be golden sheaves to
bind;
There will be wonder in the world again.
There will be lonely phrases born to
power,
There will be words immortal and pro-
found;
Though no man knows the coming of the
hour,
And no man knows the sower or the
ground.
It may be even now the ranging earth
Lifting to glory some forgotten land
Feels there deep beauty quickening to
birth,
Sprung from the sowing of a hidden hand.
Beauty endures though towering empires
die.
O speed the blown chaff down the smoking
sky!

The book contains only twenty-two poems. "Solitary," "The Woman Who Forgot," "Nativity," "The Waters of Bethesda," "Ghosts," such poems as these are well-shaped, moving, brought to a strong close. And the new sonnet sequence, "Alchemist," is one of the best things Mr. Pulsifer has done. He is occasionally guilty of a *cliché* or of an actually needless "poetical" device. But his clarity is admirable, it being furthermore the clarity of someone who has something of his own to say. It seems to me that he is most at home in the sonnet form. Metrically he has no particular range. The sonnet suits his strongly meditative strain.

TENNYSON'S JUVENILIA

I cannot but think it a mistake of Tennyson's grandson, Charles Tennyson, to have published the "Unpublished Early Poems by Alfred Tennyson" that now come to us from Macmillan. Though a line here and there points to later work, and precocity of utterance is naturally evident, and one poem, "Ilion, Ilion," contains a suggestion of the sonorous music that was to come, there is too much that is plainly bad and rightly discarded.

The skin hung lax on his long thin hands;
No jolly host was he;
For his shanks were shrunken to willow
wands
And his name was Atrophy!

My heaven! What disservice to a great name to lug forth all this juvenilia from notebooks! When savage criticism of an early volume that contained some of his best poems drove Tennyson into retirement and a period of drastic schooling of his verse, he was already advanced far beyond these mere curiosities of his early apprenticeship to the Muses. I cannot see what possible purpose is served by their publication.

By the will of the late Avery Hopwood one-fifth of his estate was given to the University of Michigan, the income to be expended annually in awards for the best writing done by students, known as the Jules and Avery Hopwood Awards. The bequest creates the largest annual prizes ever given for student writing. The several awards are distributed in the fields of poetry, the drama, prose fiction, and non-fictional prose.

The freshman awards and the minor prizes, according to Professor Howard Mumford Jones who is a member of the Awards Committee, offer no problems not found in the case of literary prizes offered in other educational institutions. But in administering the major awards, each of which far exceeds the Pulitzer prize, the University of Michigan confronts one of the most intricate educational problems in its experience.

"A main difficulty," Mr. Jones says, "lies in the fact that a graduate student working for his doctorate, or a senior completing his undergraduate program, cannot, whatever his maturity, normally complete a full program of academic work and also write a novel, play, or book of poems deserving a major prize. At the same time the university cannot throw open the competition to any casual writer who may like the climate of Ann Arbor, electrified, as it is, with the hope of prize money. The situation perhaps can never be satisfactorily solved, but the university has wisely met it by requiring contestants to fulfil only minimum requirements in the way of courses—which means, in the case of graduate students, for example, that they may enroll in a writing course designed to help them in their manuscripts, and in one other academic course.

"Most of the manuscripts submitted in 1930-1931 were naturally imitative and immature, scarcely representing the new, the unusual, and the radical. Their characteristic virtue was honesty; their characteristic defect, especially in fiction, an over-absorption in sex and psychology. The influence of the Hemingway tradition and of the group formerly associated with *transition* undoubtedly led to marked weaknesses in structure and objectivity. The writers seemed unable to realize that the imitation of radical writers is not in itself radicalism. Equally perturbing was the absence of any interest in, or concern for, life in Michigan or the Middle West. Locale counted for nothing: subjectivism was everything. There was little concern for the history of the region, and almost none for its economic and social problems. The younger crowd, it would appear, is indifferent to the future of capitalism, and yet economically conservative. The novels in particular were populous with mooncalves, unhappy virgins, and equally unhappy demi-vierges, with a fringe of uncomprehending but loyal middle-class parents in the background. The very lyricality which made much of the verse acceptable, if not vital, spoiled most of the fiction. The plays, on the other hand, were more objective, and exhibited, more than any other group of manuscripts, a sanitive humor."

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Points of View

On Reviewing

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Your kind criticism of my recent article on reviewing in *the Publishers' Weekly* emboldens me to ask the courtesy of your columns to make clear what I meant to say on one or two points on which you take issue with me.

Let us take first the question of anonymity. Is not the American reader's demand for a signed review the result of a movement begun by the Reviews themselves in the competition to secure readers by the advertising of celebrated names? The wisdom of giving the public what it wants is always questionable; it would seem more than questionable in the case of a critical review, since it is at least arguable that its *raison d'être* is to tell the public what it *ought* to want. As to my friend Miss Muttersome, let us suppose a book on the literature of the Corn Belt. (In the words of Wolfram in "Death's Jest Book, Suppose a Pig.") In my opinion a book on the literature of the Corn Belt is the very last book to trust Miss Muttersome with; for in that case we have the Corn Belt's opinion of the Corn Belt, whereas what we want to know is what possible significance the literature of the Corn Belt can have for that culture which is not of any one province. My cry is not "Muzzle Muttersome!" but as long as she writes on the Corn Belt from the point of view of the Corn Belt, let her confine her efforts to the *Home County News*. She has no place in a great metropolitan review with a national viewpoint unless she attains to the impersonality whose authority suffers no diminution by anonymity. Then if a book on the heritage of New England comes along, let her write on it —anonymously. For we of the general public are notoriously rough and deplorably ready in our judgments; and if you let her write on New England while explaining that she is from the Great Plains there will be a natural outcry of treason, heresy, and schism. The anonymous review, however, will stand a better chance of being judged on its own merits; and, conversely, it will need real merits to make an impression.

The nature of the merits which anonymity makes possible is sufficiently indicated by your own description of the *Times Literary Supplement:* "It is largely written by a brilliant group of broadly trained men who, *under anonymity* (the italics are, of course, mine), often adventure and adventure successfully, where the American scholar, accustomed to be responsible only for his own subject, would not dare to venture.

And here I must confess to a slight confusion as to what your editorial really means to say about the *T. L. S.* in general. Your editorial appears to praise it as "an invaluable survey of scholarship" and then goes on to attribute its superiority "not to its scholarship, but to the unique excellence of its journalism." It seems to me that its superiority is due neither to the one nor to the other, but to the fact that its reviewers, whether scholars or journalists, are, first and foremost, men of the world intellectually speaking, "in taste, in tact, in tone" (a phrase, I believe, of Arnold's, apropos of Sainte-Beuve). In an anonymous review, Miss Muttersome cannot plead the excuse that she is not Mr. Julian Huxley, that she is not a man of the world; she must rise, in her kind and degree, to the level of taste he achieves in his, or return to the *Home County News*. But we need not look abroad for men of the world. We have had them at home in Franklin, Jefferson, Irving, Lowell, above all in Emerson; and we have them still, even though a system under which Miss Muttersome flourishes is inclined to discourage them.

In asking that *all* books be reviewed, I admit I was on treacherous ground; but I did not refer only to "all the *good* books by all the *good* publishers." It is difficult to make a rule in advance; but we might say all books *good* and *bad* by all reputable publishers on all subjects that are of importance not only to us, but to civilization, all books by authors which show promise and books that are in the news, as well as books by authors whose names carry weight apart from the book itself. The mere rejection of a book is selection of a negative kind; positive selection demands that mediocre or superfluous books, as well as bad books, be branded as such, with reasons. Only thus will the general level of intelligent appreciation be raised. If the reader is treated only to reviews of good books, he has no standards for discrimination; he must also be shown what is *less good* and *not good at all.*

JAMES ORRICK.

A Melville Bibliography

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

The undersigned have undertaken a bibliography of the writings, etc., of Herman Melville. It is our hope to make the work as complete and accurate, and hence as useful, as possible. We propose to describe all editions (including revisions and reprints) of Melville's books and tales published prior to his death, and to catalogue all subsequent reprints by title with an indication of the source of the text used. We expect, as well, to include a calendar of Melville letters, published and unpublished; a description of existing manuscripts of the novels and tales; a list of portraits and of Melville; a catalogue of such books as we can learn Melville to have possessed; and a list (more or less selective) of critical articles upon Melville and his writings.

We should welcome, therefore, information regarding the above-mentioned matters, particularly in respect to unpublished letters and the like. Due credit will be gladly given, of course, to all who assist us in our work. Items sent for examination will be handled carefully and returned by registered post. Professor Forsythe should be addressed at the University of North Dakota, Grand Forks, North Dakota, and Mr. Birss at 1196 University Avenue, New York City.

JOHN H. BIRSS,
ROBERT S. FORSYTHE.

"Meed" not "Need"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Your proofreader, by changing one letter, has changed the meaning of a sentence as completely as in some of those quotations which *Punch* still likes to pick up and exploit. In a review of Lord Crewe's life of his father-in-law, I am made to say of Lord Rosebery: "He seemed to want earnestness and conviction in a time when they were at a premium and he is now written down a failure when the *need* is for those who have sharp swords and can use them." Think of expressing the opinion that the *need* is for sharp swords. What I wrote is: "when the *meed* is for those who have sharp swords and can use them," an allusion of course to Lord Birkenhead's notorious advice to Scottish University students.

WALLACE NOTESTEIN.
Yale University.

Whitman Discoveries

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Will you kindly announce that I have discovered a number of Whitman articles which will soon be issued in a limited edition? They relate to the Broadway Hospital and the Bowery during the early part of the Civil War and reveal many new biographical facts concerning Whitman's activities during the first two years of the war.

CHARLES I. GLICKSBERG.
Philadelphia.

Philobiblon

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I have in preparation a bibliography of all manuscripts and printed editions of Richard de Bury's "Philobiblon," as well as of the literature of the word and its author. I shall be much obliged to your readers, if they will inform me about all privately printed publications, articles in periodicals and newspapers, reviews, etc., etc.

HERBERT REICHNER,
Editor *Philobiblon.*
6, Strohmayergasse, Vienna, VI, Austria.

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A Letter from England

By MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

IN all the great wars of the past there have emerged mysterious figures—those of human beings who each played, maybe, a great leading part, and yet of whom extraordinarily little is known. The outstanding example, to my mind, is Joan of Arc. The great work she did for France was done before the trial which gave the only real knowledge we have of her to the world. Yet but for her trial, we should know nothing about her, save as a figure almost as legendary as one belonging to the Greek mythology. Will that be the case, I wonder with Lawrence of Arabia? "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" is thought by most of the people who have had the good fortune to have read a copy of the unexpurgated edition, to be by far the most outstanding book—it might be more truly called epic—of the World War. I hear that Airman Shaw has now completed another book, which he does not intend to be published till years have elapsed after his death. In that new work he describes in detail a group of men belonging to the present British Air Force. The present title is "Mint," because in the writer's view the effect of the kind of life led by those whose lives and inner thoughts he attempts to describe, is reduced, at least outwardly, to one image. Just as the mint turns out coins of the same shape, weight, and size, so are these men fashioned and pressed after a while into the same apparent image.

But how impossible it is to keep secret any written word! Extremely few people were aware that Sir James Barrie had had privately printed a slender volume called "The Greenwood Hat," containing a number of beautiful, moving, minute essays dealing with his beginning as a writer. Nearly a year after copies of this little book had been given to a small number of the writer's most intimate friends, an untrue account of "The Greenwood Hat" appeared in a London daily paper which prides itself on being able to procure exclusive news of every kind. No one who knew what was really in the book troubled to write to contradict the false statement, no doubt published in all good faith, contained in the article. But months later a burglar broke into the publishing office of Mr. Peter Davies, and had the wit, or luck, to carry off the most interesting and, from the literary point of view, most exquisite piece of booty which was ever a thief's luck to find.

Much mystery still surrounds the Jacobite movement. But some new revelations concerning the Stuarts, are about to be made in a book by Sir Charles Petrie, entitled "The Jacobite Movement." Perhaps the most curious of these, and certainly the most interesting to every student of American history, will be contained in that portion of the book which will set forth how it was once within the bounds of possibility that a Stuart prince would have become king of a New England. During the Commonwealth an ancestor of Robert E. Lee conceived the idea of inviting the prince who later reigned as Charles the Second, to be King of Virginia. It may be regarded as proved that the then royal exile (Charles the Second), though he refused to assent to Colonel Richard Lee's plan, was sufficiently interested in the proposal to purchase a great many books and maps relating to the America of that day. It is also significant that an uncle of William Shippen, the Jacobite leader in the House of Commons from 1714 to 1743, became first Mayor of Philadelphia. There are also extant many letters from Jacobites then living in exile in France and Italy where a strongly pro-American tone is evident. Was it the Charles the Second scheme, which came to nothing, that suggested the offer of the American crown, in 1778, to Charles Edward? Sir Walter Scott, a man of scrupulous veracity, told Washington Irving that he had actually seen among the Stuart Papers, then at Carlton House, a memorial to the Pretender from a number of well-known Americans asking him to set up his standard there. This memorial has disappeared; yet it is, maybe, at Windsor Castle, where the Stuart Papers were taken by George the Fourth when he became King. Sir Charles Petrie has been at immense pains to discover new Jacobite documents not only in England and Scotland, but all over Europe, and amongst other fresh matter he has discovered much new material concerning the obscure Elibank Plot. Some of this material was actually found by him in the Stuart Papers at Windsor, where they escaped the eager eyes of Andrew Lang when he was writing "Pickle the Spy."

Strange indeed are what one may call the literary hobbies of noted writers. Major Yeats-Brown, of "Bengal Lancer" fame, has always been singularly interested in escapes. This perhaps because he himself made an extraordinary escape when he was a prisoner of war in Constantinople. He has just begun compiling an "Escape Omnibus," which will start with the escapes described in the Bible and in the days of old Greece and Rome. Then will follow famous escapes connected with the Crusades, others of the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, during the discovery of the New World, and so to the Great War. Such a book done by such a hand is sure to be of extraordinary interest. Major Yeats-Brown will deal not only with escapes from awful physical perils, but also with noted escapes from boredom, and other states of mind—De Quincey's struggle with opium, for instance. To my regret he will exclude pure fiction, while admitting what is to me an abomination, namely, romanticized biography. Cutting out fiction will, I fear, injure that section of the book devoted to "State of Mind" escapes.

All lovers of Scott will be delighted to hear that Hugh Walpole is engaged on a Walter Scott anthology. The anthologist has been devoted to Scott from boyhood, and is now the fortunate possessor of an immense number of the curious and often remarkable letters which were addressed to the author of "Waverley" during his long working life. A selection of these letters was published a year or two ago. I shall be most curious to see what Mr. Walpole, who is a discriminating and enthusiastic critic—a gift denied to most creative artists—will select in the great mass of material, as being Scott's best work.

Literary finds of importance are becoming rarer and rarer every year. For one thing, an immense world trade is now being done in first editions and in autographs so they are always being sought for, everywhere. As for famous men and women of the past, everything that can be raked up about their lives—even those pitiful secrets which every decent man and woman is anxious to conceal from the public—is dragged out into the light and dissected. But I have just heard of a find which will delight, without bringing with it any feeling of shame, innumerable men who speak and read English in every quarter of the globe. Not men only, but women too, concerned with any form of field sport, cherish the memory of "Nimrod," whose pen-name is yet kept alive, not only amongst the people who read his works, but in pretty well every contemporary pack of hounds. The author of *"The Life of Jack Mytton"* and of *"Hunting Reminiscences,"* to say nothing of "The Chase, the Turf and the Road," was, as some may know, a Hereford squire and sportsman named Apperley. He was a man of forty when, reading a number of *The Sporting Magazine*, he was suddenly struck by the dulness of its contents. Feeling full of diffidence, he wrote what appeared to him something rather more lively than that provided by his favorite periodical. The Editor—unlike, alas! most editors with new contributors—seems to have at once realized Apperley's remarkable gifts. Articles signed "Nimrod," soon trebled the circulation of the magazine, and the author became famous all over the England of his day. The England, that is of the Regency, though Nimrod lived on into Queen Victoria's reign.

Great was his contemporary fame—it was said that men would ride miles, and post immense distances, just for the chance of seeing him at a Meet. And it was to prove an enduring fame, for the first editions of his books, illustrated by Alken, are among the very few which have kept up their prices during the last year. And yet comparatively little was known of Apperley, apart from the fact that he and Lockhart, between them, persuaded Surtees to write his first novel, "Handley Cross." Thus, though the personality of such a man is of real interest to all sorts and conditions of men and women, "Nimrod" had always been, and increasingly became, a legendary figure. Indeed, a great number of people, devoted to his books, were quite unaware that in the flesh he was known as Charles James Apperley. He was not mentioned in the original edition of the British "Dictionary of National Biography," the little that was known about him being printed in the Supplement.

But mark the curious thing that has just happened! A small country bookseller, buying a number of volumes at auction, found that thrown in with those volumes was a carpet bag. He opened the bag, and discovered six hundred long letters, obviously addressed by an author to his publisher. The letters were only signed "C. A." yet so cultivated was this country bookseller, so wide his knowledge, I presume, of what appealed to his patrons in the surrounding country—for sport remains the absorbing interest of every English countryside—that he jumped to the conclusion, which proved correct, that these letters had been written by the great "Nimrod." The importance of the find is shown by the fact that the letters are to form the basis of a long article in the London *Times*, and many an English gentleman, who spends more time in the saddle than in his library, will learn with amazement what were the publishing methods of a hundred years ago, and how they applied to the author of "Hunting Reminiscences."

In this connection may I tell an authentic, and certainly unpublished story, concerning a descendant of that Lord Acton who was one of the greatest bibliophiles of his day? This young man recently went up for the entrance examination to Sandhurst (the British West Point). The examiner asked him with some sternness what were his literary leanings. "For instance, what is the last book you have read?" "Jorrocks," answered the young man in a faltering tone. "Pass on, friend, all's well!" is said to have been the enraptured answer of the examiner.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Belles Lettres

LOQUACITIES. By CHARLES M. FLANDRAU. Appleton. 1931. $2.50.

The whimsical essay is the curse of Lamb; but Elia's cute ghost walks less consciously through the corridors of "Loquacities" than through most haunted houses of this kind. Most of the time the author is saved by an engagingly mordant quirk of wit; he is only occasionally tiresome, and almost never flat: probably the *genre* can merit no higher praise. These essays deal with bustles and transformations, with earthquakes and faded letters, with Mexico, with the Guignol, with infants in Pullmans. As we have indicated, the approach is whimsical; a curious, but unmistakable, Harvard-Club accent; the faint snobbishness of Mexican and Mallorcan *turismo,* "but not as other men. . . ."

The best essays are those dealing with the bustle, with an earthquake in Jalapa, and with the drunken *jarana*-player. The earthquake, especially: we know of only one better, the unforgettable one in Richard Hughes's recent novel, "The Innocent Voyage"; Mr. Flandrau can't come up to that, but in "Of Earthquakes" (*Of:* Agnus Dei!) he is uncommonly successful in transmitting the feeling of complete physical disintegration which accompanies the first shock, and which we have never heard so well described elsewhere. Yet it is a pity that the conclusion doesn't come off:

> . . . and sitting on a cast-iron bench in the Plaza I finished reading "Teeth" [by Mary Heaton Vorse], which must be one of the funniest stories ever written, because while I was doing this, canvas-covered litters with the dead and injured were being constantly borne into the Municipal Palace near by, and I laughed uproariously the while.

This is not what Mr. Flandrau meant, at all: the chance to achieve a subtle emotional effect has been boggled—it would be difficult to demonstrate the reasons—; instead of hysteria, the author gives the impression of recording a mere cantabrigian apathy.

Fiction

GRAVE FAIRYTALE. By ESTHER MEYNELL. Stokes: 1932. $2.50.

This work is aptly named and should please a large audience. Subtitled "A Romantic Novel," it constitutes a strange literary medley—one third fact, two thirds sentimental fiction. Its two male protagonists are easily recognizable (the more successful portraiture, of Beethoven, commanding the majority of the reader's attention) but many of the facts of their lives have been altered to suit the author's purposes. As in the fairy tale, the shadows are deepened, the highlights intensified, yet neither carries conviction to the adult mind. We are repeatedly told of Melchior Burgholt's mental and physical suffering, yet when he suffers most intensely the reader is not moved, for even his suffering possesses the surface quality of a fairy tale, its "make-believe." Miss Meynell employs a sporadically archaic style. For example: "There was no one else I cared for as for you I cared." "Have not you ever travelled?" Much of the narrative is charming, fluent, and ingratiating, possessing all the desirable attributes of its title.

RUMOR AT NIGHTFALL. By GRAHAM GREENE. Doubleday, Doran. 1932. $2.50.

To a plausible and often exciting tale of insurrection and rebel warfare in the Spanish Pyrenees, Graham Greene has attempted to add overtones of a typically Conradian stamp. They display all the weaknesses and some of the strength of Conrad's own achievement.

There is much preoccupation here with questions of cowardice, heroism, and moral integrity that, in this instance, serves only to add an additional sentimentality to an already sentimental story. This form of sentimentality manifests itself as a distortion of life: events in themselves convincing become, under such treatment, extremely unconvincing—coincidence, psychic manifestations, and spiritual exaltation come to the assistance of the plot instead of forming part and parcel of it.

When he is telling a story, the author is sure in his treatment and frequently enthralling; when he is probing motives or offering interpretations of the springs of action he is frequently as confused and halting as his master.

WEEP NO MORE. By WARD GREENE. Harrison Smith. 1932. $2.50.

In this novel of indisputable talent, Mr. Greene sets himself the task of portraying—in a text whose scope embraces only the present—a contrast between the traditions of the old South and the new. This contrast does not come off, if only because the old traditions of chivalry and honor make little or no appearance in the book, as such. They are implied, and this implication seems over-shadowed by the welter of topical detail.

With his hard-drinking, roistering, wenching characters the author achieves a brilliant but superficial success. His work is marred by use of the recondite phrase and image, as well as by a sharp cleavage in the surface values of his story. It is true that these values will make for the success of the book, but they unfortunately give a "flip" quality to what would otherwise be encouragingly solid writing.

That Mr. Greene is capable of such writing is strongly evidenced by the handling of at least one character in the novel—Eppy Spurlock, whose father forced upon her the subsequently undeviating course of her madness: a mania that forced her, in turn, to perpetrate one of the most macabre—and one of the most pitiful—hoaxes the reader is likely to encounter in contemporary fiction.

BONDY, JR. By LUDWIG HATVANY. Knopf. 1931. $3.

Here is another family novel in the heavy Continental tradition that reached its epitome in Thomas Mann's "Buddenbrooks." Herr Hatvany does not suffer by the comparison, for he is a competent novelist in his own right, and has welded subject-matter to style and incident to character revelation in the thoroughgoing manner we have come to expect of the best European practitioners of fiction. "Bondy, Jr.," is a well-wrought and consistently interesting work, even though it rises to no heights of intuition and delves to no depths of profundity.

The dynasty of Bondy, Jewish merchants, traders on the Exchange, and commission agents, was founded in Hungary by old Simon in the latter half of the eighteenth century. After him came Max, then Hermann, whose shrewd manipulations in grain doubled the family fortunes at a time when the country was on the verge of ruin. Finally, there is little Sigi, of whom we take leave in his late adolescence. The plot of the novel is inconsequential, for it has been padded out with a multiplicity of searching observations and pertinent incidents that leaves the reader with a fully-rounded picture of bourgeois life, which might apply as well to any family group, Jewish or Christian, Hungarian or American.

Out of the routine events of daily life the author has erected a solidly constructed novel. The individual characters, while consistently typical, are never rubber stamps. There is Hermann, the tyrannical father, making money hand over fist, yet grumbling incessantly over petty expenditures. There is the mother, Regine, worn out from child-bearing, brave, harried, doting on her children, bowing to the persecution of the husband she adores. The other children grow up and go their own way. There is Hermann's ancient business retainer who, after twenty-seven years of service, finally gathers courage enough to ask for a raise (he wants to marry), is refused, and submits with a sigh of resignation to a restatement of his life-long axiom: "The firm comes first." And, finally, there is Sigi who, in his cradle, was "a little angel," but who grew up to be an ugly, sensitive Yiddish child with weak eves, protruding ears, and a nose that "hoooked itself down to the full lips, a great, hanging beak." Sigi is both the pet and the despair of his parents, but within his frail body and his receptive mind lie the germs of the Bondy aggressiveness. In this portion of the novel alone, Herr Hatvany has achieved a convincing and sensitive portrait of adolescence worthy to stand shoulder to shoulder with "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man."

The reader will not suffer from the heavy-handed humor that seems the hall-

(*Continued on page* 530)

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Why?

By MARION CANBY

WHY are you always there,
oh, mountains?
Why not come and go?
Have you ever thought of
making fountains
Out of windy snow?

Once you rushed with flourished crests
Up the shingle of the world;
Giants, once you heaved your breasts,
Swinging flags of clouds unfurled.

Now no tides or wars confound you—
Your great bulk simply stands,
With all the helpless hills around you
Awaiting your commands.

Twelve Greek Gods

THE COUNCIL OF THE GODS. By RUTH HARSHAW. Illustrations by NICOLAS KAISSAROFF. Chicago: Thomas S. Rockwell Company. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by MRS. KEITH PRESTON

AMONG bright fables woven in the days of old, most appealing to poets of all time has been the story of a mother mourning her lost daughter, Demeter searching for Persephone. Cicero himself could not resist stopping in the midst of his first important case to tell the story once again. Now it has been used to lend beauty and human appeal to a description of the twelve great gods of Greece, called to council for restoration of Persephone. Introduced by fine quotations from translations of Greek and Latin poetry, with passages from English poets as well, one chapter describes the attributes and sphere of each divinity. Especially good is the use of Greek sources instead of Latin for the details of the myth; for example, Persephone has to stay one-third of the year in Hades, according to the Homeric Hymn to Demeter, rather than six months as Roman Ovid tells. But the author's imitation of prose translation makes her writing awkward and too solemn. Deliberate repetition of trivial words, such phrases as "headtire," or as "the favorite mount" of Apollo for Pegasus, one would not wish brought to the attention of young readers, whose own writing largely reflects their reading. Serious in tone, this account of the gods will serve to sustain rather than arouse an interest in Greek mythology, and read aloud, will gain liveliness.

Full page and double page drawings in addition to decorations such as the symbols chosen for chapter headings are generously used. The decorations are more successful than the illustrations. Most children do not care for black and white drawings or for photographs of sculpture frequently offered in classical texts. However, in several of the illustrations gracefulness or action compensate for lack of color. Artemis pursuing a deer is lively, Hestia before the sacred hearth has charm and grace. Some examples of the grotesque, as the Cyclops with hideous single eye in the middle of the forehead, will please adult readers less than interest children. The care with which the book is planned and the author's careful scholarship make one regret a number of errors, such as cyprus for cypress, repetition of footnotes, and inconsistency in the pronunciation indicated for proper names.

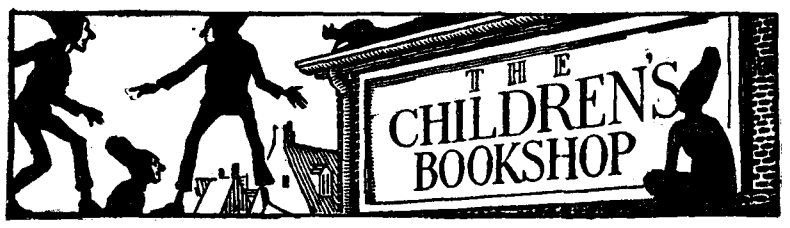
Mrs. Harshaw has opportunity for testing her material and method of presentation in her classes in Winnetka schools. Her superintendent, Mr. Carleton Washburne, contributes a foreword. Moralizing is a habit hard for teachers to avoid. For the most part, Mrs. Harshaw has avoided it. But Ares, god of war, comes in for some sharp questioning on the subject of war as the result of "secret councils." One is relieved to note that the questions are put by the author. As far as the other gods are concerned, "No one saw the unhappy thoughts of Ares."

Pictures by Camera

THE SECOND PICTURE BOOK. By MARK STEICHEN MARTIN. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by ALICE DALGLIESH

THE publication of "The First Picture Book" aroused a great deal of comment. Adults were enthusiastic in their reception of it or violent in their condemnation. A few preferred to reserve their opinion until the babies themselves had been given a chance to look at the book. Now we are told that the babies were universal in their approval.



Conducted by KATHERINE ULRICH

"The Second Picture Book" will have a more general appeal to adults, and we know, without experimentation, that two-and-three-year-olds will enjoy it. The two-and-three-year-olds are beginning to be very much interested in other children and so the isolated objects of "The First Picture Book" have now found children to use and play with them. The Teddy bear shares a chair with a delightful little boy, a laughing baby has acquired the balls, and the doll has become the property of a little girl. The pictured children are all different and all attractive; the pictures are artistic, natural, and thoughtfully planned. Some pictures are clearer than others and it does seem as if the little girl with the saw is pretty small for that type of activity, but these are minor criticisms.

Mrs. Martin has written a preface in which she explains the purpose of the book and the reason why no text accompanies the pictures. It will be interesting to know how many parents will fill out the blank which calls for a description of the children's response to the book and return it to the publishers.

While photographic books are an interesting experiment we hope they will not become too numerous. The preparation of them should remain in the hands of those who really understand very young children and who can give the books intelligent thought and consideration. Perhaps now that these pioneer books have blazed the trail there will be other picture books which, keeping the same simplicity and clarity, will add color. While we have been assured by many authorities that color is not necessary we cannot help feeling that it does add something to the delights of a first experience with picture books.

About Girls Today

WINNING OUT. By MARIAN HURD MCNEELEY. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1931. $2.

MARY LOU. By FAITH BALDWIN. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1931. $2.

TOPLOFTY. By MARY WILLARD KEYES. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by MARION C. DODD

OF these three books for girls "Winning Out" must easily be given the highest praise. It is an unusual story with qualities of several diverse kinds to recommend it. The scene is laid chiefly in a hospital, following many of the crowded, difficult days of a young student nurse, fresh from a loving and comfortable home, in her first hard months of training. As a parallel thread to this story of the plucky, hard-working sister, runs that of the spoiled one at home, living a complaining and discontented life on the family's chicken-farm, and defending herself from all responsibility and from any more constructive attitude toward life by leaning on the handicap of stuttering which has indeed been a cross to her. A young hoodlum boy cousin represents a second type of spoiled humanity, equally uncomfortable to live with. Largely thanks to the quiet influence of a young hired man, whose somewhat mysterious background is happily solved at the close, both these weak members of society straighten up to a great extent, to their own enjoyment as well as benefit. In the meantime Win, at the hospital, strides ahead in her difficult work.

There are indeed two separated channels in this book, but sufficient unity is achieved by the interchange of letters and visits and the effectiveness of influence exerted by obvious contrast. The change wrought in the laggard sister is brought about with an excellent sense of the psychology of the situation as well as of the practical methods of attack which would be open in such a case. Interest is maintained throughout and the style is natural and good.

The other two books have both something to recommend them, "Mary Lou" in the picture of wholesome, merry intercourse among a group of boys and girls—but we wish the much worn lost-treasure element had not been used; and Toplofty in the achievement of an understanding, reached with difficulty by two girl friends, of a tart and embittered New England spinster, lonely on her farm, and holding out as long as possible against experiments in friendship. But both books also have a common lack—that fundamental quality, interest. Redundant and insignificant conversation accounts for much, perhaps most, of this in both cases; the lack of lively plot must not be blamed in either, for in many a successful book there is no plot or very little. But good material is always wasted if interest is not sustained. "Toplofty," in its last third, largely overcomes this defect, and cutting throughout might do the rest. The thing we note here is how very essential is that elusive element.

Our Adventuring Past

WHEELS TOWARD THE WEST. By HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE. Illustrated by RICHARD H. RODGERS. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1931. $2.

A CANDLE IN THE MIST. By FLORENCE CRANNELL MEANS. Illustrated by MARGUERITE DE ANGELI. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1931. $2.

IN THE DAYS OF YOUNG WASHINGTON. By NANCY BYRD TURNER. Illustrated by ARTHUR BECHER. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1931. $2.

DOROTHY STANHOPE—VIRGINIAN. By HAWTHORNE DANIEL. Illustrated by R. A. HOLBERG. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by ROYAL J. DAVIS

HOW the covered wagon seemed to a boy and his sister who, leaving their native Philadelphia and traveling in charge of their uncle and aunt, joined the wagon train at Kansas City is vividly presented in the opening chapters of Miss Hawthorne's book. But the narrative takes a more dramatic turn when the youngsters, sneaking off on their ponies with the laudable ambition of bagging a rabbit or two as a surprise for their aunt, who had expressed a desire for fresh meat, lost their way and woke up the next morning to find themselves the captives of a pair of Comanches. Adopted as children of the chief, they lived with the Indians for some time and so learned still more of the Wild West. At length they began to play with the idea of escape, the result being a new set of adventures in which the figure of the famous scout, Kit Carson, appears. The tale is kept within the bounds of probability, although there are many exciting moments. Besides being entertaining, it gives a glimpse of a vanished day in American history.

Another migration, a couple of decades later, figures in the story entitled "A Candle in the Mist," but is only part of the narrative. The mysterious disappearance of a considerable sum of money forces Janey's father to sell his farm in Wisconsin and go farther west. In Minnesota Janey teaches a country school in a pioneer community and the family gradually recovers its prosperity. But there remains the mystery of the lost money and there is also the mystery of Hawkin, Janey's foster brother, who remembered little about his childhood and who ran away to join the Indians shortly after the disappearance of the money. In addition to the double mystery, satisfactorily cleared up in the end, the book presents a picture of life in the early days of the Northwest, its hardships and its pleasures, its dangers and its triumphs.

While "young Washington" is not the leading character in the book whose title thus refers to him, both he and his mother play more than casual parts in a carefree story of Colonial life in Virginia. The brother and sister whose doings form the main substance of the tale live in the capital, Williamsburg, and visit in Yorktown and Fredericksburg, but there is a background of country life—"You're a good horsewoman," the future Father of His Country says to the sister, "if you did grow up in town." The atmosphere of the story is at the opposite extreme from that of covered-wagon narratives, although there is an Indian to give a touch of both mystery and romance and there is plenty of out-of-doors excitement.

Beginning with the arrival of a mysterious stranger and a kidnapping, the story which centres around Dorothy Stanhope is full of adventure from the opening pages, as books for boys were in the days when exciting narratives were thought unsuited for the mentality—or the temperamentality—of girls. The adventure is not connected with Indians or Redcoats; it is purely personal, but none the less vivid on that account. While the gentler side of Colonial life makes its appearance, the main part of the story is concerned with the other side, of danger from cruel men as well as from cruel winds and waves. There are plot and counterplot, with the counterplotting being done in part by the two girls whose friendship is one of the most appealing elements in the book. The solution of the mystery is skilfully worked out to the accompaniment of suspense and surprise and with a satisfactory amount of thrill.

Zig-Zagging the Dusk

By MARION CANBY

I LOVE fires on scrap-heaps
In November dusk,
Crouching and spitting like cats
With dragon eyes,
Raying like coronas of suns
On the ash of the night,
Brought intimately near
By a wild child's cheer—
Come, lurking gamins, and find
Sparks here for the mind!
Already you're bobbing and springing,
yourselves
Fire-born elves,
Zig-zagging the dusk.

Every Day Stories

THE BLUE TEAPOT, Sandy Cove Stories. By ALICE DALGLIESH. Illustrated by HILDEGARD WOODWARD. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by LOIS LENSKI

"THE Blue Teapot" or "Sandy Cove Stories" is a thin, flat book containing five short stories for young children. The background of the stories is the village of Sandy Cove in Nova Scotia.

The title story tells of Miss Letty who lived contently with her black cat, Thomas, until one day, when she bought a blue teapot and four blue cups and saucers. Then, for the first time she realized that she was lonely. The next morning she went straight to the Orphans' Home, where she found twins waiting to be adopted. Sara and Abigail had yellow hair and blue eyes,—just the color of the Bay of Fundy,—and turned out to be model and helpful children.

The second story is about a little girl and her seven white cats. Another story is about a little fisherman's boy, called Zebedee. It has a distinct flavor of the atmosphere of the locality. Miss Letty and the twins are mentioned occasionally through the other stories, but there is no unity throughout. All the stories are composed of simple everyday events of real life.

Everyday events of real life afford splendid material for the child's book. Stories of simple things like setting the table, feeding the chickens, and going for the mail are always welcome. No event is too commonplace. Its very familiarity endears it to the child. But familiarity is not enough. The familiar happening may become boring unless endowed with movement, romance, and imagination. It must not be stereotyped and meaningless. Real life must be intensified.

"The Blue Teapot" lacks the spark which would lift it above the ordinary. The stories are indifferently good. The tempo is calm. There is nothing about the book as a whole to make one feel that it is distinctively the joint product of this particular author and artist, and that it could not have been produced by any one else. The book is lacking in spontaneity, creative originality, and distinction.

The illustrations by Hildegard Woodward are clear and sufficiently numerous. All the important events are pictured, and the drawings occur at frequent intervals throughout the text,—an important consideration in the younger child's book. One might wish for a less conscientious technique, less stolidity and heaviness of line. The solid blacks are too heavy and overpowering for the delicacy of the type-page. A book as good as this deserves to be a great deal better.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

The second instalment of letters asking for help in planning next summer's tours in the British Isles presents the intention of A. B., Norman, Oklahoma, "whose interests in a special way are literature and music" to arrange a summer around "a few fixed dates about which to build the rest of our plans. Will there be a Malvern Festival and when? Are the dates for the Stratford Summer Festival arranged thus far ahead? Is the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, open through the summer? And is there in the British Isles any festival of opera or the dance, or must one go for that to the Continent?"

IT looks as if the Malvern Festival would be better this year than ever; it takes place during the first three weeks of August and runs thus: Mondays, Heywood's "Play of the Wether," 1533, "Ralph Roister Doister," 1552; Tuesdays, Ben Jonson's "Alchemist," 1610; Wednesdays, John Southerne's "Oroonoko" and an eighteenth century farce; Thursday's, Fielding's "Tom Thumb the Great," 1730; Fridays, Boucicault's "London Assurance," 1840, and on Saturdays, for a climax and combustion, Bernard Shaw's new comedy, "Too True to Be Good," produced under what amounts to his own supervision. The setting both of town and of theatre, the selection of plays, and the robust traditional quality of acting and production in the historic dramas make this an unforgettable entertainment. At this time the British Film Festival will also be held in Malvern—which is, lest we forget our English literature lessons—half-up the steep slope of that hill where upon a May morning one Piers Plowman was weary of wand'ring and went him to rest.

The summer Shakespeare Festival extends from May 27 through September 10, though the plays to be given have not yet been announced. The outstanding event of English drama this summer will be the opening of the new Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon; its sheer mass rises from the bank of the gentle stream with the same curious air of fitting new to old that one finds about the ultra-modern theatres of London that rise, like the one at Seven Dials, straight from what one might think incongruous surroundings. Even the decorations of the new Memorial's outer wall are modern to a degree, if photographs of the carved brick bas-relifes do them justice, yet somehow they seem to belong already to the landscape as Hamlet in modern clothes still belong to the theatre.

There is a remarkable repertory company at Birmingham; I made the journey from London solely to see its admirable production of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," and it would be well worth the trip (which may be made in one of the world's fastest trains) to see anything that Sir Barry Jackson's company may give. There is also a repertory company in Liverpool. Besides the regular performances in London of plays successful enough to stand the summer there are always special productions on Sundays under the protection of the various stage societies, and some of these are occasions literally unique. I thus saw Lytton Strachey's play, his only one, so far as I know, "Son of Heaven." There will be a Canterbury Festival of music, serenades in the cloisters and drama, according to custom now well established; the play this year will be, appropriately enough, Tennyson's "Becket," in the marvellous setting of the ancient Chapter House. The Abbey Theatre will remain open this summer; the International Opera Season will be held as usual in Covent Garden during July and August, and the Promenade Concerts—a feature of London life no stranger would miss, in Queen's Hall during August. The Norwich Festival is June 13-18. The annual Verse-Speaking Contest, organized and fostered by John Masefield, takes place as usual at Oxford, the date not yet announced; this is another occasion of rare interest. The most interesting dancing to me is to be found at the various meetings (some of them on the lawns of Hyde Park) of the highly proficient folk-dance societies; there you may see morris-dancing in its ancient ritual and ribbons. The Drama League Travel Bureau, in connection with the Drama League, 15 W. 44th St., is ready to keep anyone informed on dates in the foreign theatre world as they are announced. Several foreign schools of drama and the dance this year offer free scholarships through them. The third and last set of questions come next week.

J. S. S., Auburn, N. Y., has had difficulty in finding authoritative and up-to-date material on modern Greece and asks for advice on recent publications on this subject. The latest to appear is "Modern Greece: A Chronicle and a Survey," by John Mavrogordato (Macmillan), a study mainly political. "Greece," by William Miller (Scribner), is one of the Modern World series; in one volume it covers many aspects of the subject and makes an excellent source of general information. "Greece To-Day" is another general survey; it is by Eliot Grinnell Means and is published by the Stanford University Press; it considers economic, financial, and social conditions of "the aftermath of the refugee impact." "I was Sent to Athens," by Henry Morgenthau and French Strother (Doubleday, Doran), gives the story of the Smyrna refugee in the course of one of the most valuable personal records of post-war reconstruction; Mr. Morgenthau, it will be remembered, was chairman of the committee of the League of Nations for rebuilding the nation. "I Discover Greece," by Harry A. Franck (Century), is another of the unconventional personal experience reports of this tireless traveller. There are several quite recent books about the Greek Church; a brief, clear statement of its doctrine and observances is made in Euphrosine Kephala's "The Church of the Greek People" (Macmillan). To round out the record, S. P. Phocas-Cosmetatos's "Tragedy of Greece" (Brentano) is a defense of King Constantin and "The Question of Greek Independence," by C. W. Crawley (Cambridge University Press), a study of British policy in the Near East from 1821 to 1833.

ONE more natatory item for the Iowa correspondent. Says *E. T. K., California*, "I sat next to Helen Keller at a feminist luncheon and asked her, by way of conversation, what games or sports she cared for. Her face lighted up as she said, 'Pinochle and *swimming*.' Swimming obviously being a particular joy to her."

O. L. A., Lafayette, Indiana, asks if there is a biography, definitive or otherwise, of Edward Thomas. His wife's story of his life, "World Without End" (Harper), includes her earlier book "As It Was"; Helen Thomas's biography may become one of the lasting records of its kind, one of the rare books in which the truth is told beautifully about intimate personal experiences.

G. M. V., Cambridge, Mass., asks for books on references to Christ, the apostles and early Christian and secular history of the period. This is asked me often enough for me to have gathered a fairly sound list of authorities, but every time I refer it to W. W. Rockwell of Union Theological Seminary, to make sure that I have the most recently published results of scholarly research. He says, "Secular historians of the years 30 A.D. to 130 A.D. are almost silent on the subject of Christianity. Most of what was said may be found in English translation in the 'Source Boook for Church History,' translated by Professor Joseph Cullen Ayer of the Episcopal Seminary in Philadelphia and published by Scribner. There are certain disputed passages in Josephus's 'Antiquities of the Jews' which mention Christ. Many scholars think that these were Christian interpolations. The best reference book on Josephus in Englis is by my colleague F. J. Foakes Jackson: 'Josephus and the Jews' (Richard R. Smith, 1930). Christianity is mentioned by Tacitus ('Annals,' Book 15, Chap. 44) in a way which shows that he was both hostile and ill informed. If your correspondent wishes to follow this matter further, he may consult B. J. Kidd's 'History of the Church to A.D. 461' (Oxford, Clarendon Press), or Dr. Kidd's source book for early church history, 'Documents illustrative of the History of the Church,' vol. 1 (Macmillan)."

L. F. C., Melrose, Mass., says, "If your correspondent who wishes to know about New England will write to the J. L. Hammett Co. of 10 Beacon Street, Boston, he can be well supplied with information. This afternoon I saw a whole window there with guides and maps, a pictorial map of Boston, and other books that would fit. It is called a school supply house, but it has maps of all sorts. I love giving advice to one from Baltimore as I have six there to whom I always must send books at Xmas. 'Mother Goose Songs for Little Ones,' by Ethel Crowninshield (Milton Bradley), was a book that my children loved to sing from. The airs seem to be just right for the words."

R. G. H., Brooklyn, advises for books about children's reading "the one that most of us librarians consider the best of all for just such purposes, Frances Jenkins Olcott's 'Children's Reading.' That not only gives chapters that are of the greatest aid to librarians, though written primarily for mothers and others not supposed to be 'up' on children's books, but the lists are of the best I am familiar with. The book was revised a year or possibly two years ago so is most recent."

I AM told that travel languishes, but so many questions have come for books "in preparation for a summer in the British Isles" that this department must split them into sections for reply, printing one a week till a full reading-list of recent books is assembled. Let us take first the call for "books about a walking tour," on which E. R., Wasco, California, and T. H. K., New York City, desire enlightenment. Certain books should be accessible to anyone intending to go about in England, Scotland, or Ireland by foot, motor, or more communal methods of travel; they make a fund of general practical information upon which to draw for many purposes, and though I name them here, they should be carried over into lists to come. First, the Blue Guides issued by Macmillan, which for use in the British Isles I prefer to Baedeker, though of course Baedeker has his upholders; there is a Blue Guide for England, Scotland, Wales, London, and Ireland (the last-named in preparation), small enough to take on the journey. Their maps are all right for tourists, but for walkers the ordinance maps sold at stationers should also be taken along, as these give every house and cart-track. And take nothing else along, either; you will never know how delightful travel can be until you undertake it with no more luggage than you can put into a pair of deep pockets and one collapsible string-bag for maps and for picking up things to be mailed back home every night—for the astute reader will have guessed that luggageless travel depends upon the collaboration of the post-office. The "Highways and Byways" series (Macmillan) is an inexhaustible source of inspiration for walks and information upon them; they are not to be taken along but used before and after the journey; there is a volume for every picturesque county of England, two for Wales, and a beautiful "Highways and Byways in the Border," by Andrew Lang. Another book of general interest, excellent for anyone planning to walk in Great Britain, is "The Story of the Road," by J. W. Gregory, of which I spoke in strong praise from the English edition; it has just been brought out here by Macmillan.

I know of no better book to give one a start on a walking tour in England than C. S. Brooks's "Round About to Canterbury" (Harcourt, Brace); it goes so into detail, potters along so comfortably, and makes the whole enterprise seem so feasible; most of us think there is something strenuous and desperate about a walking tour, and to see these everyday gentlemen so take one in their stride is salutary. Also there is a beer-drinking endurance race (one-sided) that belongs to the literature of malt. Mr. Brooks's "Roads to the North" and "A Thread of English Road" (both Harcourt, Brace) are accounts of bicycle trips, but one can plan a foot journey well enough from them. By the way, bicycle tours abroad are definitely back in fashion. "Afoot in England," by W. H. Hudson (Knopf), is a classic of the road and practically useful to the traveller as well; also I have walked over the country of his "Shepherd's Life" (Dutton) and, because I had read the book, felt as if I were revisiting a loved countryside. "Touring England by Road and By-way," by Sydney R. Jones (Scribner), is a motor or pedestrian book of high usefulness; I recommend it to riders who long for little lanes glimpsed in passing. I ask myself often: Why do so few of us obey that impulse and follow the little lanes? I speak from experience; something comes free in the very soul when one declares to himself that he will no longer let himself be whisked past what he wants, and actually turns out of the track into the green and lovely byway.

"Hobnails and Heather," by Clifton Lisle (Harcourt, Brace), is the account of a Boy Scout good-will tour taken on foot over England, and the receptions afforded the travellers by English Scouts; a large party walking will get many advance bits of information on technique. One of the most important features of a walking tour being an object far on ahead, a valuable book is "Pilgrim Shrines of England," by H. C. Boulter, illustrated by the author (Dodd, Mead); be sure to have an objective and have it something great, the essence of pilgrimage, as Kathleen Coyle has put it, being the "humility at the end of a journey." Inns being another strong point, consult "Taverns of Old England," by Henry Parr Haskell (Day), which explains the delightful inn-signs and gives the history and legends of famous inns. A larger and more expensive book is "The English Inn Past and Present," by Eberlein and Richardson (Lippincott), which is beautifully illustrated; so is Mr. Haskell's book, and indeed so are most of those I have so far named. If you are spending thirty dollars on a gorgeous collection of inn pictures in color there is the "Romance of the Road" of the famous painter, Cecil Aldin (Scribner). But the book of my heart is Thomas Burke's "The English Inn" (Longmans, Green), which has no pictures. "Rambles in Cathedral Cities," by J. H. Wade (Stokes), is a convenient general guide that may be supplemented by cheap pamphlet guides issued by the cathedrals visited. If you are staying in London and making brief excursions on foot, use W. A. Hirst's "Walks about London" (Holt) and E. Holmes's "London's Countryside" (McRae), both of which I have found practical for use, and remember that the country comes closer to the edge of London city than it does to any other city I ever visited, so that from the terminals of various subways one may set out on true country walks. These may be extended a long way, as you will see in the two books just

(*Continued on next page*)

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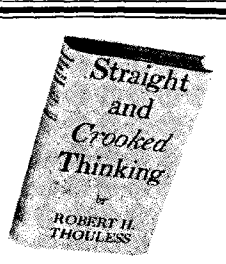

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The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

named, or in the excellent guide-book, "Seventy Miles around London," by F. Muirhead (Macmillan). Gordon S. Maxwell's "The Road to France" (Dutton) describes a leisurely journey on Watling Street, from London to Dover; a pedestrian could use it for preparation.

The best book I know for Irish walking is Padraic Colum's "Road round Ireland" (Macmillan), which has been followed and filled out by his "Cross Roads in Ireland" (Macmillan); I once based a trip on the first of these books—in spite of suggestions from Æ that the really right place for a beginning was Sligo. But our first journey was into the Wicklow Hills and they so enchanted us that we spent our whole time there. A book has lately appeared that has changed my mind about reading nothing on Irish travel not written by an Irishman: John Gibbons is an English journalist, but I do not see how an account of a journey could be more sympathetic and informing than his "Tramping through Ireland" (Dutton). There are several useful books about walking tours; "Ireland Afoot," by J. J. Welsh (Badger), and "An Irish Ramble," by C. F. Howell (Greenberg), and though Harold Speakman's "Here's Ireland!" (Dodd, Mead) was made with the assistance of a donkey, the temperament of the creature made the trip pedestrian in spots. For walking books about Scotland—other than what one finds in the Highways and Byways book—get the inexpensive little guides to be bought in bookshops after reaching England. Wales has a number of good books of this sort, "A Wayfarer in Wales," by W. W. Davies (Houghton Mifflin), being especially useful; the author is an accomplished mountain climber as well as a devoted pedestrian. Borrow's "Wild Wales" (Putnam) would still be useful, and there is a "Tramping through Wales," by J. C. Moore (Dent) and "On the Tramp in Wales," by S. L. Bensusan, published by Douglas, by the author of those inimitable bits of village stories that have been for so long appearing on the editorial page of the London *Morning Post*. C. L. Hind's "Days in Cornwall," a walking book, is published by Methuen.

The other lists to follow are for books on the literary associations of the British Isles, and for general travel books to be used in planning motor or rail tours. I am printing these long lists in self-defense; I have been sending out so many of them in personal letters.

M. *G. C., Nottingham, Pa., needs for a drama reading-circle an "interesting, beautiful, not morbid new play by a well-known author." O'Neill's "Mourning Becomes Electra" is specifically excluded; someone has suggested to the club Channing Pollock's "House Beautiful."* The best plan is to get Burns Mantle's "The Best Plays of 1931" (Dodd, Mead) and make your own selection, as ten plays are given with dialogue enough to get a good idea of what they are like. I think the choice will be likely to fall on "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" (Little, Brown) Rudolf Besier's famous play which reads as well as it acts; as one of the three cities Miss Cornell is to visit on tour is Philadelphia, this is an added attraction. "The House Beautiful," a pleasant and earnest account of a young couple's efforts at the higher life, is published by French. "Elizabeth the Queen," by Maxwell Anderson (Longmans, Green) is a fine play for reading aloud.

If this were a play to be visited, I would say "Distant Drums," by Dan Totheroh, now playing in New York City; this seems to me ideal Pulitzer Prize material, and I hope it so impresses the judges for this year. From the moment the curtain rises and one discovers that he is himself actually in the ring of camping covered wagons—for the device of showing a segment of that circle puts the orchestra into the very midst of the ring—one is made part of an heroic enterprise until he is sent out deeply moved by a sense of the price this country has paid in human life and effort for the privilege of being America. I suppose the play will be printed; meantime it should be seen, if only for the amazing virtuosity of the acting of Pauline Lord.

Bernard Shaw, who has arrived in Cape Town on a short holiday in South Africa, says, according to *John o' London's Weekly*, that during the voyage he was working on a book dealing with his recent visit to Russia. Shaw's new play, "Too True to Be Good," will probably be produced at the next Malvern Festival.

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page* 527)

mark of so much Continental fiction, but will draw intense enjoyment from the everlasting turmoil of the Bondy ménage, the youthful dreams of little Sigi, the cleverly sketched background of Hungarian politics, the machinations of the wily Hermann. Hanna Waller's translation is, with the exception of a few regrettable Anglicisms, generally excellent.

International

NEW MINDS: NEW MEN? The Emergence of the Soviet Citizen. By THOMAS WOODY. Macmillan. 1932. $4.

Professor Woody's volume is an illustration both of the advantages and of the possible disadvantages of subsidized research. As the recipient of one of the Guggenheim fellowships, he was enabled to take his trained mind—he was already the author of several works on the history of education—to Russia, and painstakingly, without hurry, without the mere writer's usual preoccupation with "making good," in one way or another, with the untrained reader; in short, in much the mood of a graduate student preparing a thesis for his degrees, to study what he found there in the field of his own particular interest.

He stayed in Russia over a year. He travelled from Murmansk all the way down to Tashkent and back, and visited many provincial towns and villages as wells as the bigger cities on the beaten track, and viewed, chatted, collected, translated at his ease. He is sober, objective, and crammed with professorial learning. So far, all to the good.

Unfortunately, the author of "Quaker Education in the Colony and State of New Jersey," "Fürstenschulen in Germany after the Reformation," and other works, seems more patient as a collector than gifted with the art of arranging his material in entertaining form, or, if that be considered a low aim and unworthy the seriousness of a research worker, of so dramatizing his facts that their more significant outlines will strike the attention of the lay reader. There are chapters on schools, communist youth, children's literature, the new woman, science versus religion, physical education, the character of the new mind, and other subjects interesting in themselves, but the going is heavy, and the hopeful reader is frequently surprised to reach the end of a long chapter without any very clear notion of just what he may have learned.

Miscellaneous

AN OUTLINE OF MODERN KNOWLEDGE. Edited by WILLIAM ROSE. Putnam. 1931. $5.

There have been times in the past that we yielded to temptation and wrote a chapter for an American symposium. Each time we have later felt rather ashamed of ourselves, simply because the book was not intelligently planned as a unit-whole. Such planning should be the duty of the editor and various contributors should be given subjects so specialized and so carefully differentiated that one writer after another would not repeat the same trite ideas, and even the same hackneyed examples used before by others in the same volume. We have also made the assertion that it would still be possible to produce an interesting and even an edifying American symposium, provided the editor was a man of keen intelligence and broad learning, and would plan the book as a whole very definitely to meet some tangible objective. We can now say that we mean a symposium like that Dr. William Rose has edited and called "An Outline of Modern Knowledge." This is what, to our mind, American symposia should be and have signally failed to be.

It has a definite objective and is well planned to attain that objective. The writers—such persons as G. D. H. Cole, Maurice Dobbs, T. E. Gregory, J. W. N. Sullivan, C. G. Seligman, J. Arthur Thompson, L. Dudley Stamp, and R. O. Morris—are amply capable of treating their respective subjects in a manner both erudite and interesting. Moreover, this is really an outline of modern knowledge. There are chapters on the idea of God, on the physical nature of the universe, on mathematics and astronomy, on biology and psychology, on morals and culture, psycho-analysis and sex, archæology and philosophy; the social sciences are well and ably discussed from economics through politics to history; finally, Abercrombie writes on principles of literary criticism, Fry on painting and sculpture, Reilly on architecture, and Morris on music. Each writer has produced material especially written for this book. It has not appeared elsewhere and is not a hash of previous work. It fits into the general scheme of the book as projected in the mind of its capable editor. The volume is a thing of rather astounding length and is somewhat formidable to hold, but it will illuminate many a dark, winter evening and I commend it to the brethren—and even to more daring sisters—quite unreservedly as a valuable symposium that was worth publishing.

Brief Mention

The Fleming H. Revell Company has published an unpretentious little book by Caroline Gardner, Executive Secretary in the Frontier Nursing Service, called *Clever Country* ($1.50) which turns out to be a most engaging narrative of the Kentucky Appalachians and the experiences and adventures of the courier nurses who ride the trails bringing comfort and a little civilization to the mountain people. The book is a human document, not a scientific description of the work.

The *Seventh Educational Year Book* of the International Institute of Teachers College, Columbia, issued by their Bureau of Publications, is a useful survey of the expansion of secondary education in important countries all over the world, each article being contributed by a national of the country. The articles, which are brief and cogent, are accompanied by bibliographies.

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THERE ought to be a law against iteration of the assertion that we have too many laws. Of sundry praiseworthy sorts we are graced, as of Miltonian sonnets, with too few. We have, for example, no statute condoning the manhandling of that proportion of erring humanity which scissors "articles" out of newspapers and tucks them dutifully away in pertinent books without indicating the sources and dates of the clippings.

Occasionally one of these sinners of omission attains heights of inspired stupidity. On the shelves of a certain rare-book shop reposed until recently (and doubtless still reposes) a comely morocco-bound scrapbook whose entire content was devoted to the career of an inconspicuous but not utterly trivial New York poet of a century since. There were perhaps thirty cuttings in the book, several of them contemporaneous with their subject, representing altogether certainly the bulkiest quantity of data about him that had ever been assembled—and to duplicate such a collection now would be wholly impossible save by looting several public and institutional libraries. Moreover, each cutting was carefully inlaid, and unless a collector happens himself to be technically qualified in the practice of this delicate art, inlay means outlay. Altogether, leaving the cuttings themselves out of consideration, preparation of this unique repository must have cost (or at all events would today cost) perhaps fifty dollars. But as a reference collection this painfully reared manual is well-nigh worthless, for in not one instance is a cutting dated or its source disclosed.

All of which is by way of aside, but none the less worth heeding on that account.

Before me is a well-tended extract from what, by obvious internal evidence, was once a page in *The New York Times Saturday Review of Books and Art*, which was the full name of that notable supplement in a large-mannered era. The clipping offered additional indications (chief of which was an allusion to "Monsieur Beaucaire" on the reverse that was clearly of contemporary origin) that it had originally appeared in 1901. As the clipping was headed "Herman Melville's Works," it seemed logical to search the *Times* index for 1901 under Melville, and sure enough, the clipping was brought home, for in the index was a reference (and there was no other reference to him that year), to "Melville, H. W.," and this was he and this was it.

The clipping (it appeared on October 5th, the reptile who snipped it and failed to date it will be discomfitted to know) happened to be important enough to merit these meticulous pains. The *Review*, inspired perhaps by some dim prescience of Melville's eventual immortality (a consideration that readily pardons the "Melville, H. W."), had sent Mrs. Melville "a list of her husband's writings" which she returned "kindly corrected and annotated." The list was complete up to that time, and, with the exception of a year's error in the dating of the revised edition of "Typee," accurate. The *Review* added on its own responsibility: "It should be made clear that 'Katerfelte,' 'Satanella,' and other works of George John Whyte-Melville (the English novelist, 1821-78) are often mistakenly attributed to Herman Melville."

But Mrs. Melville supplied in addition one important piece of information that seems to have eluded the notice of Melville's biographers and bibliographers alike. Of "Clarel," the bulky monument in verse that commemorated Melville's journey to the Holy Land in 1856, she wrote: "Only the foreign editions of his works were issued in more than one volume, with the single exception of 'Clarel,' a long poem, a small edition of which was printed, and was withdrawn from circulation by Mr. Melville on finding that it commanded but a very limited sale, being in strong contrast to his previous popular works." (Melville himself might have demurred at this positive and partisan declaration of his "popularity.")

The fact that Melville withdrew "Clarel" from a circulation which it was not enjoying is not mentioned by Michael Sadleir in his "Excursions in Victorian Bibliography" (London, 1922), or by Meade Minnegerode in "Some Personal Letters of Herman Melville with a Bibliography" (New York, 1922). Raymond H. Weaver does not refer to the suppression in "Herman Melville: Mariner and Mystic" (New York, 1921), and the serviceable bibliography which he appends to his competent study erroneously assigns the date 1878 (for 1876) to "Clarel," though the correct date is given in the main text. "Clarel," Mr. Weaver recounts, was "printed at Melville's expense. More accurately, its printing was made possible by his uncle, Hon. Peter Gansevoort," to whom the book carries an elaborate dedication.

Every Melville collector—especially the collector who owns a copy—will echo Mr. Weaver's assertion that "Clarel" is "practically impossible to come by," and suppression of the edition by the author must go far toward explaining the scarcity. How large was the edition, how many copies made up the withdrawn fraction, and how did Melville effect their annihilation?

A year and a half earlier, in the issue for March 17, 1900, the *Review* had printed an interesting letter from Peter Toft of New York, who was inspired by an appreciation by Henry Mills Alden which had appeared in the *Review* the previous summer. "I cordially agree with Mr. Alden," wrote Mr. Toft, "in his high estimate of the works of the late William Herman Melville, books almost unknown to the present generation, both in England and America." And he added:

> In London I became acquainted with Mr. F. Bullen, the now well-known author of the "Cruise of the Cachalot." He had never heard of Melville. Such is fame. I lent him "Moby Dick," and he promptly informed me by letter that he had devoured it at a sitting (all night); that he felt after reading that astounding book like a duffer and discouraged about his own work. The weird romance that Melville has interwoven in that work he did not appreciate, but that is a matter of taste.

Mr. Toft was one of the earliest and most devout of Melvilleites. He "accidentally discovered him"—in the flesh, that is—"some years ago during my stay in New York." "Though a delightful talker when in the mood," he added, Melville "was abnormal, as most geniuses are, and had to be handled with care. He seemed to me to hold his work(s) in small esteem, and discouraged my attempts to discuss them. 'You know,' he would say, 'more about them than I do. I have forgotten them.' He would give me no information about the old whaling tradition of the fiendish White-whale."

Did Mr. Toft translate his devotion into a set of Melville first editions? In the year in which his letter was written a copy of "Timoleon" sold at auction for six dollars and a half—which sale is the whole Melville entry in Luther S. Livingston's "Auction Prices of Books" (New York, 1905), embracing a generation of book-market history.

J. T. W.

THE CHIMES. By CHARLES DICKENS. Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM. New York: Limited Editions Club. 1931.

GEORGE W. JONES is a very skilful printer: the names of Dickens and Rackham are ones to conjure with; but on the whole this book is not so good. Item: the paper is too heavy, and tends to break away from the binding. Item: Arthur Rackham, despite his vogue, has been, I believe, a distinctly bad influence on the pictorial art. His compositions are messy, muddled, and confused, despite his real ability at drawing. He has been copied by a whole brood of lesser draftsmen, who have failed to accomplish even what he has done. This is, of course, only a personal opinion, but I stand back of it! Item: a twenty-four-page introduction to a one hundred and thirty-page story—a second rate story, and large well-leaded type—is not a fair proportion. R.

CALIFORNIA HILLS AND OTHER WOOD ENGRAVINGS. By PAUL LANDACRE. Los Angeles: McCallister. 1931. $6.

FOURTEEN wood blocks done in the modern white-on-black style. Some of these blocks have been included in exhibitions of American prints by the A. I. G. A., the American Federation of Art, the Chicago Art Institute, etc. "Art criticism" of the usual sort has always seemed to me rather futile: a picture appeals or it doesn't, and if one must have one's appetite excited by words, the picture has failed. These wood blocks need no introduction because they are virile pictures—good examples of skilful wood cutting, and the subjects are interesting in themselves. A picture book which it is a pleasure to have. R.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

WE'VE been to some nice blow-outs this winter, but owing to the Depression most of the publishers have not been quite so lavish with that particular method of introducing new authors or honoring old ones. When along comes The Literary Guild with a party for that *Dom Manuel Cabell* of the Guilded Branch who has just achieved the acrobatic feat of turning himself into two persons. It was also something like the fifth birthday of the Guild and the strong and lusty infant was certainly alive and kicking. When we entered the lobby of the Chatham, ahead of us that long, Pullman-carlike space where one can on ordinary days procure an excellent lunch was seething with New York's most gregarious literati. We had a hard time getting through the crowd. One error, or perhaps one masterstroke, to preserve a little free space around the guest of honor, was that the cocktail table was near the door and Mr. Cabell placed at the farthest end of the room about as far away from it as he could possibly be. Near him still lurked *Hendrik Van Loon*, who is much too large to be a really good lurker, *Corey Ford*, who was regretting the fact that he had been facetious before so many—he had thought the broadcasting would take place in some dim cell or other—*Carl Van Doren*, looking uncommonly svelte since he has taken off twenty pounds on a diet of one meal a day, a raw steak gnawed for dinner or something like that,—and *Burton Rascoe* the only begetter of the first salient publicity that the early Cabell received. . . .

We learned almost at once that the radio announcer had succeeded in spite of *Selma Robinson's* pleas and tears in pronouncing Cabell not to rhyme with babble or hardscrabble but to rhyme with umbrell. So they had put that radio announcer in a corner with a dish of ice cream and were letting him severely alone. And then our eyes alighted on the fascinating *Fania Marinoff*, not having seen her for perfect ages, and strayed thence to the rubicund country-squire face of her husband, *Carl Van Vechten*. In and out among these restless heads darted the animated *Dick Glaenzer* of the Robert McBride Company, and over by the wall a low sound of bitter weeping came from *Coburn Gilman* of *Travel*, shudders coursing his frame as someone tried to persuade him that listening to the radio was a delightful evening amusement. People shouldn't be so cruel to Cobey! . . .

Our own esteemed editor beset the battleship build of *Bill Woodward*, who has exposed God knows how many ex-Presidents, with the dictum that it was he who had added the word Bunk to the bright lexicon of what-have-you; but Bill kept waving the indictment aside with a lordly gesture, enunciating only, "Terrible word, terrible word, take it away!" *Frieda Inescort* and *Ben Ray Redman* in the middle distance contributed well-chosen badinage, while *Rebecca Lowrie*, late of Harper's, mourned the fact that she had to return to Chicago. *Emily Balch*, who commutes between Philadelphia and New York, breezed by with an on-to-Richmond air, and *Isabel Paterson* took occasion completely to misinform Mr. Cabell as to the number of people we didn't speak to. You see, we really remember quite a lot of what went on. Finally the bugle sang truce, the sunset-gun was fired, down came the colors, and an epoch-making and other-things-making party was brought to a triumphal close. The rest of the evening we spent mostly playing a sort of new bagatelle with Ben Ray Redman, and fortunately not betting on our own prowess. We then fell into a discussion of *John Donne* and *Francis Thompson* till forcibly dragged away by the young lady we had been escorting. Redman and ourself found ourselves rushing around the room snatching books out of each other's hands. "Now just listen to this!" "No, now you listen to this!" Most delightful evening we have had for some time. . . .

As we write this we purpose attending *Phil Barry's* "Animal Kingdom" this evening as we have recently met the most attractive *Lora Baxter* who takes the part of the wife in the play. But the best we have been able to do is get a seat in the eleventh row. We understand how *Bob Benchley* feels about this play, but we expect to like it. Which shouldn't remind us, but does, of our reply last night to the young lady who asked us what play Frieda Inescort was in, to which we replied in a daze, "Springtime becomes Henry." . . .

The Nest's special dramatic scout recently visited the Provincetown Playhouse, and has now reported her findings as follows: Despite some obvious flaws "The marriage of Cana," a comedy of Negro Life by *Julian L. MacDonald*, now running down on MacDougal Street, has some diverting moments. The first scene, particularly, in which the wary young coquette (*Marjorie Lorraine*) with a cautious eye on marriage and security, resists the temptation to go joy-riding with the scalawag of the town (*Juano Hernandez*) seemed to ring true. *Wayland Rudd* as the bashful suitor who overcomes his inferiority complex acts as capably as he has in the past. . . .

We toss our tattered cap in the air at the announcement that *Anne Green* has now produced another novel. This is "Marietta," one of the four Mississippi Malorys resident in Paris. We can recommend any novel by Anne Green without reading it, but just as soon as we get a copy you bet we *will* be reading it!

Edward Davison, the English poet, recently sent to *Christopher Morley* a specimen of translation into "the English as she is spoke." It is from Alassio and an announcement of "The Fakir Manetti." The prize portion is a description of the third part of the entertainment, which runs as follows: "Third Part. The Most Great Experiments Executed in the World. Mr. Manetti, closed in a copper sarcophagus, will be immerged in a water glass basin for the time that will from the Phisician an Public permited The Human Target Mr. Manetti will be shot Nude Breast." . . .

Mathilde de Beyesdorff sent us from Germany a postal concerning Sanct Benno, and St. Benno-Bier, to celebrate Candlemas, our birthday. We didn't know about *Saint Benno*, though we did know about *Saint Benet*, who is the same as *Benedict*. We thank our correspondent, and also wish to thank *Nina Jay Dusenberry* for sending us from Flatbush a very nice Raphael Tuck & Sons English postal of a hunting scene, saying "Blessings on you this Candelmasse! Jorrocks, no doubt, is watching for your woodchuck." . . .

Edgar Johnson, author of that brilliant first novel, "Unweave a Rainbow," has contributed to this department the following poem which we are glad to print. It is, obviously, particularly timely in view of the nature of tomorrow—Sunday:

GALLANTRY FOR
ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

No more of silvered syllables, no lyres
Tingling to Venus in bright leaves that lazily
Stir to Her hymns; no organ-sounding choirs
With clarioned pomp of words and blue fumes hazily
Drifting high through air stained lapis-lazuli,
Ruby, and gold in motey bands; no fires
Before the altars: with the past suspires
Its symboled trapping; and today brings nasally
ITS Valentine in terms of honking horn,
Cocktail, and Freud, where once the Cyprian ruled. . . .
Therefore no altar flames, no neophytes
I sing. My muse is à la mode and schooled:
Though it were shy as wild-rose-dawning morn
My fire shall blaze in kilowatted lights!

The second daughter of Lord Charnwood is both a good-looking (to judge from her publicity photograph) and extremely clever gal. Only twenty-five years old, she is already the author of three novels, and the last of these "Which Way?" just published over here by Doubleday, Doran, caused the *London Chronicle* to praise its cleverness. "It is so clever," cried the reviewer for that journal, "that I grope for words in which to express adequate admiration." This author's writing name is *Theodora Benson*. . . .

And so with harp and psaltery,

THE PHŒNICIAN.

Elizabeth
believed in LOVE . . .
but she made the mistake of marrying the kind of man romantic women think they can reform.

Murry, the minister
believed in GOD . . . .
but he found the harsh realities of life hammered against unconditional faith.

Mabel and Hector believed
in OPPORTUNITY . . .
They made the most of it and were spared bitter regret. Lacking imagination they wore an unconscious armour against pain.

Elise believed in reasonable INTELLIGENCE . . . . .
and she ran away with a married man.
She tossed her bonnet over the mill but it came bounding back to her like a boomerang.

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